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The Australian **WOMEN'S WEEKLY**



New Serial: "AN ALLIGATOR NAMED DAISY" By Charles Terrot

Art for Angela's sake

BY LOIS PALMER

MICHAEL LEONARD had a conviction (mistaken) that he had been named after Michael Angelo and that his family were descended from Leonardo da Vinci.

But young Angela wasn't to know that when she barged into his King's Cross studio in search of some sugar.

Michael uttered a gruffly impatient "Come in!" to her knocking, then swung around in surprise at the soft huskiness of a female voice.

"Sorry if I sounded like a bear," he said, putting down his brush.

"I'm Angela," she said, "and I've run out of sugar."

You're too sweet to want sugar, he thought. Angela was a honey-suckle blonde with enormous eyes and a mouth made for merriment. Michael noted quickly that her curves were delicious and in the right places—no Christian Dior had yet distorted them into an abominable H-line, or whatever it was. In other words Angela was a tasty dish, as they say in the modern classics.

"Sugar?" said Michael. "Certainly. Let me see, you must be the typist on the floor above."

"Does it annoy you?" Angela asked anxiously.

"Not at all," lied Michael, remembering the metallic and regular thumping from above that tortured him at night as he tried to paint or get some sleep. "By the way, I'm Michael Leonard. I paint."

"Can I look?"

Angela inspected his pictures with a puzzled frown. There was no doubt they were colorful. The colors, in fact, were lush and lavish. There were great splotches of color put on, it seemed to Angela, without any set design, rhyme, or reason.

"Do you like them?" Michael was asking eagerly.

"They're very colorful," Angela said, "but I'm not quite sure what some of them mean. That one, there, for instance."

She pointed at a canvas with a larger conglomeration of colorful blobs than the others.

"I'm glad you picked that one," Michael said. "I consider it one of my best. Mind you, in some ways it's a bit of a problem picture. Different people see different things in it. For instance, you might think it's a herd of antelopes rushing across a plain in Kenya. I might think it's a great shoal of flying-fish in the Indian Ocean."

"What do you think it is?" Angela asked.

"I haven't quite made up my mind," Michael answered. "I painted it in a sort of blind inspiration, hardly knowing what I was doing."

"The colors are beautiful," Angela admitted, "and I think at the moment it reminds me of lumps of colored sugar. Do you remember O. Henry's story of the girl who wanted an onion for her stew? . . . Now that you've so kindly come to my rescue, perhaps you'll have tea with me? I've only got a bed-sitting-room, but it's home."

They had tea in Angela's room—which would have shocked Angela's parents, who thought King's Cross was a sink of iniquity with the plug out, anyway.

Angela had a suspicion, by the quick manner in which Michael gulped her tea and home-made cake, that it was his first meal of the day. She had read about artists starving in garrets, but she wished this nice young man would paint something more easily recognisable.

"I say," said Michael when he was leaving, "would you mind posing for me some day? I don't mean in the raw or anything," he added, reddening.

"I'd love to," Angela said, thinking what a few more blobs of color between friends—even in the raw?

There was a lot of borrowing between the second and third floors from then on. If it wasn't Angela running out of sugar it was Michael running out of bread or milk. The delicatessen was only a few yards up the street, but neither of them

thought of going there. They found the lend-lease system more convenient and usually finished up by combining their resources and having a meal together.

At night Michael painted with a kind of turbulent intensity to the accompaniment of Angela's equally intense assaults on her typewriter on the floor above.

Angela's business was increasing. It was astonishing, for instance, how many writers were starving in garrets at The Cross and producing masterpieces in prose to be typed. Angela's worry at first was whether she would be paid, but she found an unexpected honesty among these would-be geniuses.

Sometimes their works, as she pounded at her typewriter, puzzled her as much as Michael's pictures. The stories also seemed to be a series of blobs, and she wondered if they would ever see the light of day in a book. But that wasn't her worry; she typed them at so much a thousand words, blobs or no blobs.

She was certain, however, that Michael wasn't selling any pictures.

She posed for him one day wearing a red cartwheel hat and saw that his stack of canvases were gradually taking charge of the studio.

"Antelopes or flying-fish?" Angela asked with a laugh, gesturing to the big picture she had seen on her first visit to the studio.

"I still haven't made up my mind," grinned Michael. "It's beginning to look to me like the big blast at Bikini. The trouble is nobody wants to buy it."

Michael's picture of Angela was an attractive blob, Angela had to admit, with an especially big red blob for the cartwheel hat. But, whichever way you looked at it, it was still a series of blobs. She wished

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"I think your pictures are very colorful," said Angela to Michael, "but I'm not at all sure what they mean."

Illustrated by

John Mills

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The riddle that the police had to solve was the link between the dead atomic scientist, a stolen million dollars, and four hundred perfect diamonds.

The

UPON his arrival, the United States Treasury agent conformed to the usual practice of visiting detectives; he notified the local force of his presence. The local force, in this instance, was the London Metropolitan Police, and the station at which he presented himself was New Scotland Yard.

Because his mission was a "foreign inquiry," the Treasury agent, John Norton, was introduced to Chief Inspector Warwick of the Special Branch. And, from the beginning, Warwick was interested. Norton was chasing one million dollars in stolen currency, and the pursuit of money is always interesting.

It was a bright winter morning, and sunshine warmed the room as the American and the Englishman sat and talked—and took each other's measure. They liked each other immediately.

Norton had produced photographs of the man he was after. Warwick studied them. "Ralph Mercer," he said, reading the name. Mercer had a bull neck, a handsome face, and a carefree grin.

"Cheerful geezer," Warwick commented. "And he brought the money over here to make a deal? What's he after? Narcotics?"

"He never handles narcotics. He was a jeweller at one time."

"I see. But—a million dollars' worth of diamonds?"

"That's right."

"H'm." Warwick seemed doubtful.

"Where would anybody steal a million dollars?" asked the Scotland Yard man. "From a bank?"

"It was lifted from a United States Treasury office."

"Stolen from the Treasury?"

"From an office belonging to the Treasury. It was money that had never been issued. I have the numbers of the bills."

"Did Mercer do the job?"

"No. He doesn't even know the money is stolen. It's top secret. If it leaks out, heads will roll in the Treasury."

"I can well imagine it. Just what happened?"

"A guy called Danny Bolinski started it. He's a hanger-on in a big criminal outfit. He located the money, but he left it alone for a while because he knew it'd be red hot. Then he heard that Mercer was trying to raise capital to bring a big parcel of diamonds from England. He's done a lot of illegal importing."

"Bolinski approached Mercer and said he was acting for his boss in the outfit. He said there was a million available to buy diamonds. Knowing the outfit, Mercer believed him. He got ready to come to England. Right on the deadline, Bolinski cracked the joint, got the money, and sent Mercer away with it before it burned his fingers. He knew Mercer would play it straight because he wouldn't dare double cross the top man."

Warwick grinned appreciatively. "Oh, very neat!" he said.

"The only thing wrong with it, for Bolinski, is that we picked him up and made him talk."

"This will be very interesting. Diamonds, probably stolen, sold for a stolen million. What a lovely crooked job!"

"Glad you like it," said Norton. "I want that money. I couldn't care less about the diamonds."

"I'll take the diamonds. I hope Mercer isn't expecting interference. Will he know you're walking right behind him?"

"I don't think so. He doesn't know how hot the money is."

"What about the contact with this side? Somebody has to dig up a million dollars' worth of diamonds. Did Bolinski know anything about that?"

The American shook his head. "Not

much," he said. "Only a name he heard. A man called Hunziger."

Warwick sat back in his chair and stared at his visitor. "You're sure it's Hunziger?" he asked in a peculiar tone.

"That was the name, all right."

"Oh, my dear fellow," said the Yard man. "Any policeman in England would give two fingers and a toe to get hold of Hunziger. Know what you've done? Walked smack into the middle of the biggest murder job in years. It's only two hours old, but it's started a Security flap from one end of Whitehall to the other."

Warwick pushed a file of documents across the desk; then he picked up a telephone and dialled a number.

Norton was professionally interested in a specimen of Scotland Yard paper work. He read the brief array of facts which preceded an inquiry from a superintendent of the murder squad. The superintendent was asking the Special Branch for information about Frederick Tempest, O.M., Ph.D., D.Sc., etc., who had been found strangled with a length of cord in his bachelor apartment that morning. The crime had been committed between eleven and twelve o'clock the previous night.

Reading on, Norton could readily understand the agitation in Whitehall. Tempest had been a nuclear-fission man, and though he had withdrawn from government-sponsored atomic work after Hiroshima, his head had still been full of dangerous knowledge.

Hunziger was clearly implicated. His fingerprints had been found all over Tempest's flat, and the bowstring was known to be his favorite method of murder. To the American agent it seemed entirely probable that the killing had some connection with his own mission in London.

"Yeah, I walked into it," he agreed, as Warwick put down the telephone.

"Yes. It ties in with your information. Hunziger is an extremely successful jewel thief, and diamonds are his specialty."

"Tell me about him."

"I wish I could, old boy," was Warwick's regretful answer. "We've been after him for six years, and we don't even know what he looks like. The only thing we've got on him are his fingerprints. In six years he's done seven big jewel jobs, and three of them have been murders."

"For a long time we just called him Mr. Prints. Then we got a name, Hunziger, from a dying man. He's a queer type. He cases his jobs thoroughly, but when he cracks them he leaves his dabs all over the place, as if he doesn't care. Our fingerprint men simply go along and puff their dust around, and there you are—Hunziger again."

"Do all his murders have a robbery motive?"

"Yes, except this fourth murder, which doesn't seem to have any motive. We can't even guess what Hunziger could want from Tempest."

"Could Tempest have been in some diamond racket?" Norton wanted to know. "Smuggling, for instance?"

"That's always possible, but I'd say it's very unlikely. I'd say Tempest was honest."

"A good guy, huh?"

"A great man, I always thought. I met him a number of times when I was working on security with M.I.5. I don't think he was greatly interested in money."

"I'm figuring he was interested in diamonds. I can't see Hunziger, whoever he is, handling a million-dollar deal and a murder at the same time, unless it's all the same job."

"Nor I," Warwick agreed. "If we find Mercer, we may get next to Hunziger. In any case, we must locate your man as soon as possible. A million dollars..."

"A murderous sum," said Norton.

An American in London is just as easily identified as an Englishman in Chicago. That afternoon Ralph Mercer ventured out of doors under the impression that he looked like a Londoner. He was spotted in the Strand and followed to a small hotel.

The police closed in suddenly on Mercer's hotel room, and he was arrested without violence. When he was searched a shallow, polished leather box full of gems was found in his pocket. It was a fabulous collection: four hundred large, perfect white diamonds. Evidently Mercer wasn't expecting the police. Evidently, too, since he carried so much treasure so nonchalantly, he had some reliable way of avoiding customs barriers.

When Norton openly admired the diamonds, Mercer glared at him. "You an American?" he demanded. "Why are you here with the limey cops?"

"That money Bolinski gave you was stolen from a United States government office," Norton said coldly.

Mercer was too shocked to answer.

A search crew was left in the room, and the prisoner was taken to the near-



Bowstring Murder

By
**MAURICE
PROCTER**

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

est police station. There he was interrogated, but he wouldn't talk.

"Too bad," Warwick said to Norton, when the questioning was over. "We'll leave it until we know something about those stones. I'll get Grafton Devine. He's the expert we usually consult. There's money just in knowing about diamonds, man. Devine is about the top independent expert in London, and he does very well for himself."

But Mr. Devine was not available. He was away on business, his secretary said. So Warwick called up Tim Lake, a small, spare, lively man from the Precious Stone Laboratory in Hatton Garden. Lake arrived with a suitcase full of instruments, and his glance immediately focused on the box of diamonds.

"Is this the stuff?" he asked. At Warwick's nod he opened the box and stood staring at the contents in utter astonishment.

"Are they diamonds?" Inspector Warwick asked.

"My goodness, yes! And what diamonds! Heavens, man, where did you get this lot?"

"What will they be worth?" Norton asked.

"A million pounds, I shouldn't wonder," said Lake. He picked up a ten-carat brilliant and turned it in the sunlight. It threw out rays like a star.

He set to work, picking out diamonds at random and testing them with a small square plate of polished corundum. They scratched the plate easily. "Nothing in the world like a diamond," Lake said fondly. "As old as the earth, as clear as spring water, as indestructible as faith."

He opened a black leather case and pro-

duced an instrument which looked like a baby cine camera. "Rutile refractometer," he explained. "Absolutely the latest thing. Give you readings you wouldn't believe."

He fiddled with the new toy for some time; then he said, as he peered through the eyepiece, "Lovely reading. Two point four one seven. It couldn't be anything else but a diamond with a refraction like that."

Lake's next instrument was a binocular microscope with a queer, built-in lighting arrangement. He plugged it into a wall socket. "Now," he said, "I'll see if I can tell you where these stones were mined."

He put a large brilliant on the cradle and stared through the eyepiece. At once there was a subtle change in his attitude. For a long time he was quite still.

At last Lake put the brilliant aside and picked up a baton diamond, a polished oblong of great beauty. Then he tried an emerald-cut, then another brilliant.

"I've never seen anything like the inclusions in these stones," he said in a worried voice. "It seems incredible, impossible, almost—but—" He had another long look through the microscope, then he stood up straight. "It's quite incredible," he said, "but I feel sure these diamonds are not natural stones."

"You mean they're artificial?" Warwick asked quickly.

"Products of human artifice, yes. They're synthetic."

Mercer had been present throughout the examination and his comment was a rude word. Tim Lake looked at him with sym-

pathy. Of all the men there, Lake was the one most capable of understanding the one-time jeweller's scorn and disbelief.

"They're really fine gems," he said, seeming to apologise for the stones. "They're as hard and bright as diamonds. In fact, they are diamonds—but not natural stones. It's a great pity. Such lovely, clean gems."

"What are you guys trying to pull?" Mercer demanded. "There's no such thing as a synthetic diamond."

"It had to come sometime," Lake said. "Sooner or later somebody was bound to find out how to make a diamond. Synthetic sapphires and emeralds have been on the market for years."

"Diamonds are different," Mercer said stubbornly. "Nobody could make a diamond."

"It certainly is hard to believe," said Lake. He became thoughtful. "There is one more test I can do here. Could we have these blinds down, Chief Inspector?"

Warwick switched on the lights and pulled down the blinds. Meanwhile, from his suitcase Lake brought out a compact little ultra-violet lamp with a black glass filter. He plugged it in and waited for it to warm up.

"If these are natural stones they'll fluoresce irregularly," he said. "Some will glow brightly, some dimly. And in different colors: mostly blue, some yellow, and a few green."

Warwick switched off the lights, and the onlookers waited in the shadowed room.

Tim Lake put the open box into the lamp's rays, and uttered an exclamation of surprise. The compact array of gems gave off a vivid

orange glow which colored the gloom. They were a beautiful sight, all evenly bright and evenly orange.

"I shall want to make further tests in the laboratory, but this quite convinces me," said Lake, holding the glowing box of stones and looking like a sorcerer. "No parcel of natural stones in the world ever fluoresced all this color. And look at the uniform brightness; all exactly alike."

Mercer moved suddenly, and Warwick and Norton jumped to intercept him. The ex-jeweller thrust his left hand into the ultra-violet rays. There was a solitary diamond on the middle finger, a good stone about a half carat in weight. As if to emphasise the difference between synthetic gem and true stone, the diamond glowed with a bright, sky-blue fluorescence.

After an examination of the diamonds, Warwick telephoned Mercer's hotel room. "Found anything?" he demanded.

"Believe it or not, sir," answered the sergeant-in-charge, "Hunziger's prints are here."

"Splendid," said the Special Branch man. Obviously his prisoner had seen and conversed with Hunziger.

He rang up Tempest's flat. "Any sign of a motive yet?" he asked.

"Never a one," was the reply.

"You haven't found any diamonds, by any chance?"

Knowing Hunziger's record, the man at the other end was not surprised by the question. "We've found half a dozen dull bits of

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When Hunziger, gun in hand, turned to avoid the drum, Warwick and Norton leaped into simultaneous attack.





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A short short story
By MAX MURRAY

The one that got away

I WAS terribly sorry for Mary. She was quite as pretty as Phoebe, but you had to take Mary as she was or not at all; the sloppy slacks, the unruly brown hair and even the powder of freckles on her nose. She was certainly quite acceptable to Dick Styles.

Dick was something of the same type himself. You had to take him as he was or not at all. Women found that taking him as he was was no trouble either. He was just big and good looking and charming and self-effacing and that was all there was about him.

We had arranged this fishing party a week before at a party at Phoebe's house. She had been saying how she "adored fishing," mostly I suspected because she knew that it was Dick's passion.

With all the men flocking around her I wondered why she made such a continual play for Dick when she knew just how Mary felt about him. But some women are never content. They always want the one they think they mightn't be able to get.

Come to think of it, it's a bit like fishing. Always pulling up the anchor and starting off for the spot where there might be bigger fish.

Phoebe's day began when we drew in at the small jetty to pick her up. We had brought the boat down from its moorings at Elizabeth Bay. And that was another thing that had irritated me. Why couldn't Phoebe have met us at Elizabeth Bay instead of making us come into Watson's Bay? Well, of course, the reason was that it was more convenient for Phoebe, as she lived at Vaucluse at her aunt's home.

We arrived at the jetty right on the pip, but Phoebe wasn't there.

We moored the boat and sat about on the jetty waiting for her. It was a hot, sticky morning and there was a vague smell of fish and bait and engine oil.

We sat and smoked cigarettes and waited for Phoebe. Mary kicked the jetty steps with the toes of her battered sandals and showed not the least sign of saintly resignation.

"What on earth do you suppose has happened to her?" she said at last.

Dick got to his feet as if she had given him an order. "I'll go and see," he said.

Moodily and angry that the morning was half gone, Mary and I watched Dick stride along the jetty. "Phoebe always mucks things up,"

"Let me help," said Dick excitedly to Phoebe, but she shook her head and said, "It's all right, I've got him."

muttered Mary, half to herself and half to me. "I never knew she was mad about fishing, anyhow."

"Oh, don't fuss," I said, not because I didn't agree with Mary, but if you were going to spend a day out in a small boat with four people you might as well be friendly towards them. After all, you were stuck with them.

Dick was gone half an hour and in that time Mary practically kicked her sandals to bits.

Then they arrived. Phoebe looked cool and unhurried and lovely. She was beautifully brown in a beautiful sunsuit. She was dark and exotic. Dick was a step behind her carrying her equipment. There seemed a lot of it.

He looked happy, I thought, happier than the delay warranted. I thought, too, that one look at Mary would have taken the grin off his face, but he was looking at Phoebe.

And, to be fair, so was I. But I can look at Phoebe without being annihilated, which few can do if they have money, position, or good looks.

Phoebe brought her own sunshine. Even old Mike, the boat hand, who had been snarling through his teeth in the engine-room hatch for half an hour, put on an act of old-world gallantry as he handed her aboard. Mary jumped down without help.

Phoebe, it appeared, had mistaken the hour, but she forgave us. And she had forgiven Dick to the extent of giving him a nice cool drink in the shade while we sweated on the

jetty. It was unkind of Mary not to have shown more gratitude. Dick was much more magnanimous.

Phoebe was not a good sailor, so we cruised in sheltered waters instead of getting out where Mary and Dick and I loved it and where the boat gave us a full-blooded ride.

Phoebe fished on Dick's side, and if you were not Mary they made a delightful picture. The perfect male and the perfect female; but Mary, sullenly catching fish on the other side, would not have said perfect.

I gave my time to navigating the boat. Now and then Phoebe came over to console me in my lonely watches, came and put her hands over mine and leant trustingly against me and asked me to teach her to steer. I liked it and felt a draught at my right side when her warm little body took itself off to console the lonely angler.

It must have been more fun there, because continually their gay laughter rang out as Phoebe's line became hopelessly tangled with Dick's or when he was helping her with the messy bait.

Mary fished doggedly and when I saw her lowering her eyes, staring out at the sea through a mane of loose hair, I felt in my fumbling, masculine way that perhaps she was not having a very good time.

Then something happened that united us at a stroke. Phoebe had a fish on her line, a big one.

Dick said excitedly: "Here, let me help."

Phoebe answered him in a flat, matter-of-fact voice, "It's all right; I've got him."

And she had. And I caught a glimpse of him watching her in wide-eyed amazement. She was quite unhurried, quite calm. At last she reached back her hand, knowing that someone would obey her and said, "Hand me the gaff."

Of course, it was Phoebe's day. Everything happened for Phoebe. Once I saw Mary looking at the little mess of fish she had caught, and actually there were tears in her eyes.

I was too fond of Mary not to know how she felt. Mary was too proud to compete. She stayed miserably on her own side of the boat.

We finished the day by taking a picture of the fish. Phoebe was holding it and, as no picture of Phoebe is complete without a male, Dick was at her side, looking admiringly at both of them.

Well, that should have put an end to the story. But it did not. Mary telephoned my office on Monday and asked me if I would buy her a drink. I went to meet her, wondering despondently what I could say to console her.

I found her sitting in the lounge of the pub where we usually met. Thoughtfully she had already ordered my beer and she herself was sipping something long and cool through a straw.

She looked quite a different girl

from the miserable little sea urchin for whom I had been so sorry last week on the boat. She looked radiant. That is a ridiculous word, but that's how Mary looked.

"He's done it," she said. "Who has done what?" I asked her.

"Dick," she said. "What he has done should be obvious."

"I don't want to hark back to the disaster of last Saturday," I said, "but what about Phoebe?"

"Oh, yes, Phoebe," she said pensively. "It's funny about Phoebe. Do you remember her fish?"

"Remember it? It haunts me." "Do you know what Dick said about it?"

"He said it was a big fish."

She was impatient at my density. "No, of course not. He said that when he saw Phoebe landing that fish he saw her, suddenly, for the first time. He knew what a complete angler she was. He said that for the first time in his life he realised how a fish felt at the end of a line. It didn't realise what was happening till it was too late. Isn't Dick clever?"

"For a fish, yes," I said. "But it was a big fish Phoebe caught, wasn't it," Mary said generously.

"A very big fish," I said. "But she should have thought of the one that got away."

(Copyright)

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Frank Beck

An Alligator Named DAISY

BY CHARLES TERROT

Author of "The Angel Who Pawned Her Harp"



THE last car to be taken aboard the Rosslare - Fishguard steamer was a very old sports model which had a strap round its dusty brown bonnet and a cracked windscreen; the tyres were worn dangerously smooth and the front axle gave the impression of being lower than the back.

Its owner, a tall young Englishman with fair, untidy hair and rather melancholy blue eyes, breathed a sigh of relief when a shout of "Okay—clear now!" coming up from the depths of the hold told him it had touched down safely. The Golden Arrow, as he had named it, did not seem to like being hoisted in and out of ships.

A fortnight ago, while it was being off-loaded at Dun Laoghaire, the front bumper had parted from the body and narrowly missed braining a stevedore. The incident had been smoothed over with a handsome tip, but at the end of his holiday Peter Weston had no money left to cope with things like that. In fact, he was so broke that he had to deny himself the drink which he badly wanted.

The long drive across Ireland from Galway had been very tiring and he was depressed at the thought of returning to work on the following day.

Most of the other passengers were now in the dining-saloon, and those still on deck were being coaxed inside by a steward who was ringing a bell and calling out, "Dinner is now served! Take your seats for dinner."

Peter had eaten at Wexford, and so for a short while he stayed by the taffrail, staring moodily at the dock-side sheds from which were emerging a few travellers off the train that had just pulled in. Two Irish priests came up the gangway, discussing racing form in low, confidential tones, and they were followed by a hearty-looking Englishman wearing a check suit and a brown derby.

Pausing beside Peter, he asked, "Can you tell me where the bar is, sport?"

"I don't think there is one," answered Peter. "If you want a drink you have to order it from a steward."

"That so? Too bad! I'm a sociable sort of chappie and I don't like

drinking by myself." He rubbed his hands together. "Brrr! Cold for June, eh?"

"Very."

"I'd say it was going to be a rough crossing, too."

"I shouldn't be surprised," Peter was feeling far from sociable.

"You a good sailor, sport?"

"No, I'm a very bad one."

"Pity! I was going to suggest we might sit up and have a few drinks and perhaps a game of poker-dice; we might've got a few others to join in."

"Not this evening, thanks," Peter spoke in a tone of bleak discouragement.

The man shrugged his shoulders and went off in search of more promising companions. Peter did not wait to watch the remaining passengers embark; he decided he would be wise to get into his bunk before the ship left the protection of the harbor.

On reaching his tiny cabin, where half an hour earlier he had left his big canvas bag, he was somewhat irritated to find that he now had a cabin-mate, a sad-faced little man with straggling sandy hair and a drooping moustache, who lay on the top bunk with his chin propped in his hands.

The boat was not full and he had hoped to have the cabin to himself. He was in no mood for conversation; he wanted to go to sleep, thinking of the golden days of his holiday — of Dublin parties and fishing in Galway.

Having said a brief "Good evening," he opened up his bag and took out his pyjamas and toilet case. Before coming on board, he had intended to fill the bag with presents for various girl friends, but lack of funds had put an end to that idea. He had just enough money left to pay for his breakfast on board and some light refreshment on the way to London. He had, of course, filled up his car with petrol, which is a good deal cheaper in Ireland than in England.

"You haven't got much in that bag," his cabin-mate suddenly remarked in a thin, reedy voice.

Peter thought this was rather an odd thing to say.

"What of it?" he asked shortly.

"Oh, nothing—I was just look-

ing at it. Have you been on holiday?"

"Yes."

"Feel like a drink?"

"Sorry, I can't afford one."

"Oh, I don't mean up in the saloon! I've got a flask here."

Peter hesitated. Acceptance would most certainly involve him in a conversation, but he could cut it short after a few minutes by going along to the shower.

"Thanks very much," he said. "I've had rather an exhausting day."

"So have I. D'you like old Irish, Miltie—?"

"Yes, better than Scotch. Weston's my name."

The little man swung his legs over the side of the bunk and rummaged in the pocket of a folded coat which lay beside him. He was still wearing a crumpled blue suit and had not even taken off his shoes. Producing a flask, he said, "Call me Number One—they all do back home."

"That's a curious nickname," remarked Peter.

"Nothing curious about it. For a good many years I was first officer on the old Leonora—that's why." He pulled the stopper out of the flask. "Hand up those tooth-mugs, will you?"

Peter took the two glasses from their holders above the wash-basin and passed them to Number One, who poured him out a stiff tot of whisky.

"Thanks," said Peter. He raised his glass. "Your health."

"Cheers."

Peter sat down on the edge of the lower bunk, wondering what

form Number One's small talk would take. But his cabin-mate seemed in no hurry to say anything at all, and presently Peter felt he ought to make some conversation.

"Have you been on a holiday, too?" he asked.

A short, mirthless laugh greeted this question.

"No, I have not been on a holiday—very far from it. I've been having about the worst time of my life."

"Oh, I'm sorry!" Peter heard the tinkle of more whisky being poured into Number One's glass. He hoped his companion's head was stronger than his own, for the whisky had a kick like a mule.

"You look an understanding sort of young chap," said the melancholy voice above him.

"I don't know about that," he answered carefully.

"There's something I like about your face; there's a lot of kindness there."

"It's nice of you to say so."

"My guess is you're the sort of chap people come to with their troubles."

Peter could not recall anyone confiding their troubles to him.

"Well—" he began.

"The odds are a million to one we'll never meet again after tonight."

"I should think it's very doubtful." He wondered what on earth all this was leading up to, but there was another long silence.

Presently, Number One asked him, "You keen on animals?"

"Very keen," he answered promptly. Actually he had no special love of animals, but the

whisky was beginning to have its effect and his former depression was giving way to a light-hearted curiosity which made him want to encourage the little man.

"Have you heard of anyone keeping a pet alligator?"

"An alligator?" Peter exclaimed in amazement. The mere idea of one being kept as a pet was repulsive to him, for he detested all reptiles.

"That's right. Quite a few people do, y'know. They make wonderful pets."

"Rather dangerous ones, I'd have thought."

"Don't you believe it! Most of the time they're as good as gold."

"Are you speaking from personal experience?"

"Matter of fact, I am. I bought one six years ago in Rio when she was not much longer than a pencil. Called her Daisy. She was with me on all my voyages after that and I'll tell you she was as good as gold on the old Leonora; she became quite a ship's mascot. Everyone took to her." Number One paused for a moment.

"It's only recently she's been... well, perhaps a little difficult and nervy in the home."

"Does your wife take to her kindly?"

"Ah! You've put your finger right on the trouble."

"I can imagine there could be some."

Number One drank deeply. When he next spoke it was in a stronger voice.

"Look here, young fellow, as I said just now, we won't be seeing each other again after tonight, but I'd like to tell you about what's happened and ask your advice."

"Okay. I don't mind."

"Have another swig before I begin?"

"I'm doing fine, thanks." Once again Peter heard the clink of Number One's flask against his glass.

"Not long before my last trip in the Leonora, I went for a holiday in Blackpool. I didn't take Daisy with me, because boarding-houses and hotels are a bit fussy about alligators, and, after all, the old ship was her home. So I left her in charge of Candy Parson, the ship's cook, who was staying on board to supervise a re-fit of the galley. Mind you, I missed her at Blackpool and that's probably why I got interested in Bella."

There was a pause while Number One lit a pipe filled with very strong plug. Peter wondered vaguely whether Bella was a boa constrictor or some other kind of reptile. Surely there was a zoo at Blackpool?

"Y'see, I was a bachelor then and I may add that I'd never taken much interest in women. But I was



staying in Bella's boarding-house and there was something about her which got under my skin. In some ways she was a little like Daisy; she had lovely white teeth and her eyes were stony hard like lumps of uncut jade. She could snap, too—but only in a playful sort of way, y'know. Apart from that I suppose there really wasn't much resemblance between the two. Bella was a widow—she's buried two husbands. She had a lovely head of hair the color of a blood-orange and when I took her out dancing she wore a rhinestone gown. . . . You ought to have seen that rhinestone gown; it would have got her any man.

"Well, the long and the short of it was she picked me for her third and marched me along to the registry office before I went back to the Leonora. I was away for about three months on that voyage and while I was gone she sold her boarding-house at Blackpool and bought another one in Ireland."

"Why did she do that?" Peter asked.

"Oh, it was sound enough from a business point of view. When it comes to money, Bella knows what she's doing all right! All Lancashire comes to Ireland for their holidays these days, and they like to find a bit of home-from-home in a foreign land. You know—roast beef and Yorkshire pud, tripe and hot-pot, and a nice cup of tea you can stand your spoon up in. Anyway, Bella's certainly done well for herself during the past eighteen months. But I've had a rotten time."

"You retired from the Merchant Service?"

"Bella said I got to. She wanted me to help her with the new boarding-house, see? I didn't fancy the idea all that much, because at heart I'm a seafaring man; however, in the end I agreed to swallow the anchor. But it was a different matter when she said Daisy must go. 'No Daisy, no Number One,' I told her. We had a terrible row, but I really was firm that time. The trouble was Bella and Daisy didn't take to each other from the very start and just lately Daisy, being temperamental, has made life just sheer torture."

"Anything which goes wrong in

the house you can bet your bottom dollar Daisy gets blamed for it. On Monday it was the kippers vanishing out of the larder, then it was a silly kid getting bitten, and on Wednesday Bella found all the bristles on her new scrubbing-brush broken—"

"I don't see how that could possibly have been Daisy's fault!" exclaimed Peter.

"Of course it wasn't! I never scrubbed her once with it; I've got a special wire brush for that."

"You mean pet alligators have to be scrubbed?"

"They don't have to be, but they like it. Giving 'em a ten-minutes scrub every day keeps 'em happy and cheerful. But Bella won't believe that. I can tell you things have gone from bad to worse, and yesterday, when she found Daisy asleep on a pillow in one of the guest's rooms, there was a row to end all rows. Of course, Daisy shouldn't have been there—I'll grant you that—but she's getting a big girl now and you never know where you'll find her."

"That must be very trying," remarked Peter.

"Bella found it rather more than trying—she blew up. And after the row we had I felt I just couldn't take any more. So I just walked out on the lot of 'em and here I am."

"I see," said Peter, who was feeling quite giddy both from the whisky and from the extraordinary story he'd just heard. "What advice do



ILLUSTRATED
BY DUNLOP

They looked equally serene and content—the lovely, laughing-eyed girl and the alligator she held in her arms.

"Any time now, I should think," answered Peter, turning to the door.

He went along to the men's wash-room and spent several minutes beneath the shower. His head soon cleared and he began to feel genuinely sorry for Number One. Bella probably treated her husband like dirt; possibly he would be far better off out of her clutches, whatever his future might be. But why had he walked out on Daisy as well?

True, the girlish tantrums of an adolescent alligator must be very trying, even to the most devoted of guardians; nevertheless it seemed most odd that he had left his pet to almost certain death at the hands of Bella.

Peter put on his pyjamas and went back to the cabin. Number One had gone and there was no sign of his luggage. The glasses had been washed and replaced in their holders and the blankets on the top bunk had been straightened. Peter wondered whether the strange little man had moved to another cabin, but that did not seem very likely, as an adjoining cabin was unoccupied and presumably he would have gone in there had he

wished to continue his drinking session in solitude. It seemed more probable that he had changed his mind about leaving Bella and was now on his way back to the boarding-house.

If Peter had not been in pyjamas he might have investigated further, but as it was he did not feel inclined to chase round asking people if they had seen his late cabin-mate. He decided that he himself would move into the next-door cabin, for Number One had left behind a horrible smell of strong, stale tobacco which was unlikely to disperse quickly since there was no porthole. As he was gathering up his clothes and bag, a knock sounded on the door and a tubby, red-faced steward looked in.

"Tea in the morning, sir?"

"Yes, please," said Peter. "By the way, d'you know what's happened to the gentleman who was sharing this cabin with me?"

"He decided to go ashore at the last moment. Good riddance, if you ask me! He was as drunk as a newt." The steward's nose crinkled in distaste. "Cor, what's he smoke—old tea leaves?"

"I dunno," said Peter, "but I'm moving into the next cabin. It's not reserved, is it?"

"No, that'll be all right, sir. Sometimes people ask for a cabin when they've had supper, but the air in here'll clear in half an hour or so."

A few moments later, Peter

To page 43

when they're worn by red-heads. I'm certain if I'd been in your shoes I could never have left Bella." Out of kindness, he did not mention his dislike of reptiles.

"She's still got that gown and it looks as good as ever." A long sigh came from the top bunk, then silence.

Peter got up, pulled on his coat, and picked up his towel.

"I'm going to have a shower," he said briefly.

Number One, his eyes now filled with alcoholic remorse, stared down at him dimly.

"What time does the boat sail?" he asked.

you want me to give you?"

Number One swallowed some more whisky before answering him.

"I'd like to know whether you'd have done the same as me in the circumstances. Would you have done a bunk?"

Peter felt it was impossible to give a serious answer to the question.

"No, I don't think so," he answered lightly. "I have a passion for rhinestone gowns—especially

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Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every letter published on this page.

THIS WEEK'S BEST LETTER

FOR economic and other reasons many wives have full-time paid jobs. It might reduce unhappiness in the home and possibly divorce, if women understood that when a wife takes a job she takes away from her husband the pleasure as well as the duty of supporting his family. It is as though she said, "You are quite a good husband and father but you are not good enough and I must help you." Therefore if a wife must work, she would be wise not to emphasise the money she earns.

£1/1/- to (Mrs.) Lee Butler, Elizabeth Bay, Sydney.

SOME children and teenagers unfortunately pass through a stage of excessive plumpness. They have not yet acquired a sense of humor to shield them from such comments as "Aren't you a big lump?" or "Isn't he a size?" from well-meaning adults. If the child replied, "So are you," the questioner would be shocked by such rudeness, yet adults feel free to make these hurtful comments that often lessen a child's confidence.

10/6 to "D" (name supplied), Bundaberg, Qld.

IS it lack of commonsense to spend a holiday in an irresponsible way? To be able to do exactly as one pleases is such a rare occurrence that it is a first-class holiday to most people. A camping holiday, with its limited amount of general work, can be a holiday in the best sense of the word. Life to the majority is run almost to a timetable, and it is good to break away from this for a time.

10/6 to (Miss) Lois M. Row, Marrickville, N.S.W.

WHY do so many models displaying fashions in magazines, catalogues, and other publications pose with a cold, slant-eyed, sophisticated look, or else stand inelegantly with legs astride and arms akimbo? Surely the beautiful and graceful garments they wear deserve a more feminine pose. How very much more attractive it is to see a picture of a lovely, smiling girl wearing a creation with grace and natural poise.

10/6 to "B. Natural" (name supplied), Brisbane.

WOMEN car drivers are developing a complex. On the roads the worst is expected of them at all times. As they are still an inexperienced minority among motorists, no real opinion of their ability can be formed. So please let us abandon the old cry "A woman driver, of course," when anything goes amiss, and extend a little more tolerance and courtesy to a fellow motorist.

10/6 to Mrs. A. Hughes, North Perth, W.A.

MOST people are delighted to have the opportunity to see and hear famous overseas artists now visiting Australia, but I do wish the managements would allow a little time to elapse between the shows given by each artist. There must be many mothers who, like myself, want to see them all, but find the expense every two or three weeks is too much.

10/6 to "Ginger" (name supplied), Caringbah, N.S.W.

HOW often we hear the expression "Isn't old age pathetic?" It certainly is so for many, especially those who are alone, shut in, and physically handicapped. Their greatest difficulty is to get their necessary shopping done and letters posted. If young church workers would take it in turn to do these errands, working on a roster system, it would be a boon to the aged and a truly Christian gesture.

10/6 to "Twilight Aid" (name supplied), Horsham, Vic.

UNREASONING jealousy in husbands is just as much to blame for wrecked marriages as other causes more commonly given,

such as drink and the "other woman." I would be interested to hear of any successful method in overcoming this hurdle. My own efforts have proved a dismal failure. Now in moments of strain my sense of humor comes to the rescue, for in spite of accusations to the contrary, nobody but a husband would look twice at me.

10/6 to L.W. (name supplied), Bendigo, Vic.

Harassed pupils

I AGREE with Mrs. P. Ward, who says parents should not harass their children to do well at school (The Australian Women's Weekly, 16/2/55). Most children do try their hardest at school to please their parents. We have never harassed our four children in their school work, but helped with their homework when asked to do so. My three daughters have grown into intelligent young women who look back on their school days as happy ones. My young son is doing well at school.

10/6 to M. Coates, Blacktown, N.S.W.

School holidays

MRS. A.B. is right in suggesting a shorter Christmas holiday for schoolchildren. I am not too old to remember how the last two weeks of my holidays dragged, and the joy with which I greeted the start of a new school year. Less holidays would mean a little less homework at night during school term.

10/6 to "Ex-Pupil" (name supplied), Campbelltown, N.S.W.

I DO not agree with Mrs. A.B. Six weeks' holiday seems short to us. We are dairy farming, and we and our children have much to do in the morning before they leave to ride four miles to school. When they return about 4.30 p.m. there is again much work for all. So we all look forward to week-ends and holidays, when we can really enjoy the company of our fast-growing family.

10/6 to Mrs. F. Morgan, Wooron, Qld.

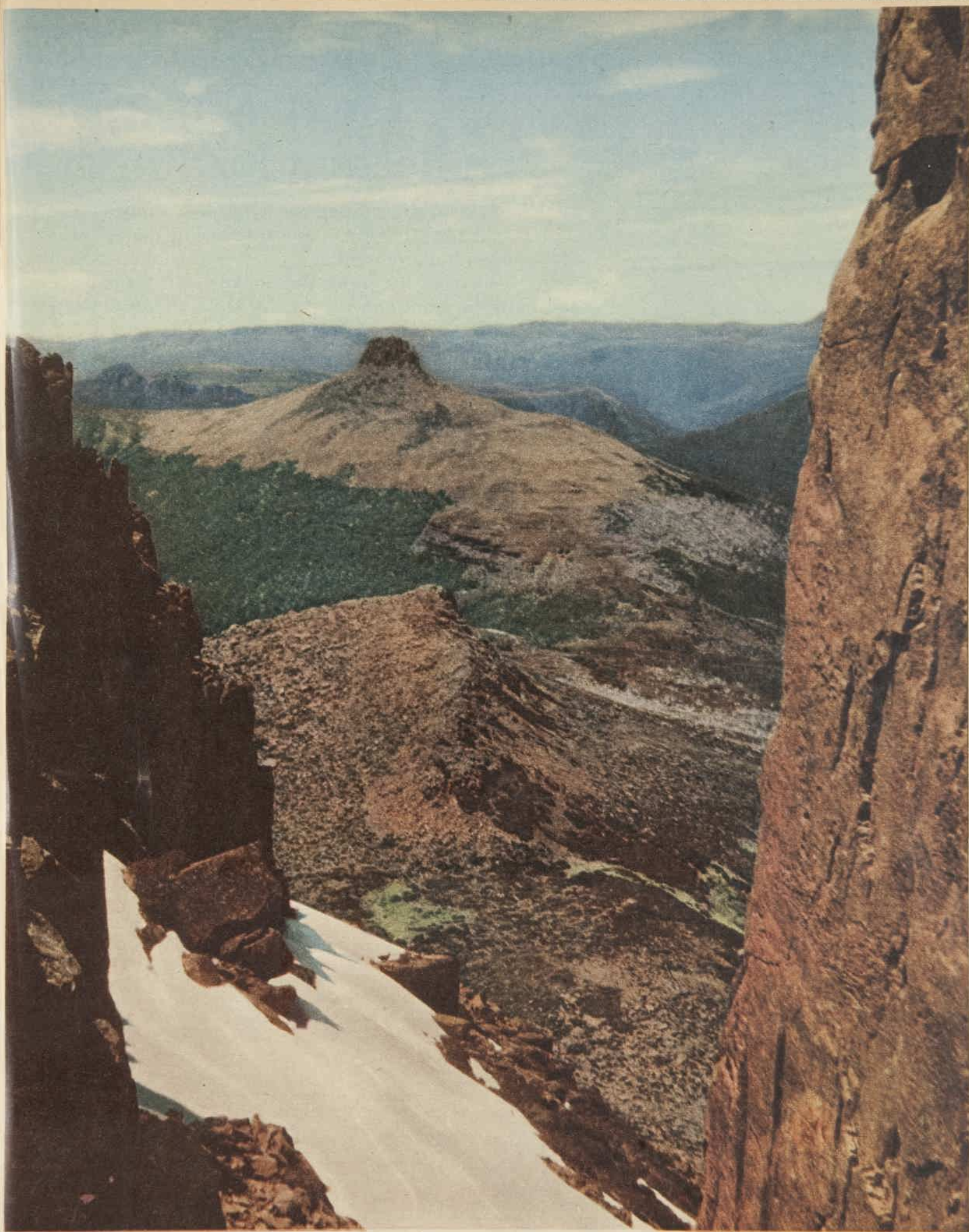
Family Affairs

• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week in future we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

WHEN my teenage children first started work they invariably spent too much of their wages on trivialities such as sweets, cheap jewellery, and treating friends. I remonstrated, but with no effect. As soon as pay day arrived, a pretty scarf, cute earrings, or a smart tie would prove irresistible, and at the end of the week the teenagers would be borrowing from me.

I solved the problem by insisting they repay me promptly, however small the debt, and would not lend again until I was repaid. After this, when the teenagers wanted to buy clothes of the more expensive type they frequently would not have enough money and had to save up for several weeks. My plan taught them a more balanced spending and how to budget their wages. They learnt the value of money by experience.

£1/1/- to "E. Mac" (name supplied), Montmorency, Vic.



BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

MOUNT PELION EAST, photographed by Mr. G. Chapman from Mount Ossa, is in the Cradle Mountain Lake St. Clair Reserve in Central Tasmania. Mount Pelion was named by George Frankland, Surveyor-General for Tasmania from 1827 until his death at the age of 42 in 1838. Frankland, a student of Greek mythology, named many of the mountains in the district from it. The Greeks believed giants piled Mount Pelion on Mount Ossa to scale Mount Olympus, the abode of the gods.

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WE MAKE FASHION HISTORY Fabulous Continental collection for Australia

The Australian Women's Weekly, in conjunction with David Jones', Sydney, and the leading department store in each of four other States, will make fashion history this year by presenting in Australia from June to August an exciting collection of Italian clothes worn by top-flight Italian mannequins.

IN Sydney, Wagga (N.S.W.), and Perth, The Australian Women's Weekly will present the parades in David Jones' stores. In Melbourne we will present them at Myers; in Brisbane at McWhirters', and in Adelaide at Charles Birks'.

Altogether, the Italian mannequins will spend 80 days in Australia giving Australian women the opportunity to see, through the parades and through our pages, the first comprehensive collection of Italian clothes ever to be presented in this country.

As every dress-conscious woman knows, Italy during the past few years has become a world fashion centre, with names like Schuberth, Emilio of Capri, and Simonetta of Rome ranking high.

Emilio of Capri represents most surely the ability of Italians to shine in a restricted

field. He is undoubtedly the most colorful of the Italian designers.

Almost every girl on any beach today owes something to Emilio. Her tight pants and loose jacket, her vivid pink sweater began with Emilio.

It is still only two or three years since he became an international name in fashion. Now he has two salons—one in his home in Florence and one in Gracie Fields' villa in Capri.

Emilio is the Marchese de Pucci. When you go into the salon you pass the emblazoned arms of his family. After that everything is modern and colorful.

His clothes this year have turned away a little from the vivid pinks and tangerines. However, he sometimes matches Capri-pink with purple. He is using more pastels—pure pinks and turquoises which are most flat-

tering in bright sunlight.

All his outfits are spiced with novel accessories. He has waist-length necklaces of heavy gold chains worn with slacksuits. Earrings are big, bold, square stones or are dangling gold ones.

Emilio's collection rarely contains anything more formal than a few classic shirt-makers. However, this year he made a turquoise full-length evening dress, tight to the knees and breaking into fullness below. This was worn with a long turquoise nylon wig.

Most sophisticated of the Italian designers is Simonetta of Rome.

She is the wife of the designer Fabiani. They have an enormous home outside Rome, but keep their dress houses strictly apart.

Simonetta breaks away from the vivid colors most Italian designers love. This year her collection was almost ex-

clusively in greys, cognacs, and tobacco-browns.

She called her line the "Inverted Champagne Glass." It was a highly successful modification of the H-line, with the waist lowered only two or three inches and the skirt shaped like an upturned wine glass.

Emil Frederico Schuberth, an Austrian, is the debutante's dream. He leans to pink and white, with ribbons and bows, laces and flounces adding up to the sort of dream dress any girl would like.

Among the younger designers the most promising is Roberto Capucci.

He is 25 and looks about 18. Already he is able to do what so many designers cannot—maintain a consistent line throughout his collection.

This year he has very long bodices with fullness breaking at the knees in the manner of the 'thirties.

Another interesting Italian designer is Mirsa. Mirsa, who is the Marchesa Olga de Cressy, specialises in knitwear.

Her most spectacular piece is a glittering short evening dress with a simple halter neckline and wide, flared skirt. The all-over glitter is sewn into the fabric instead of being hand-sewn on afterwards.

The Italians have established a most attractive and convenient way to show fashions. All the designers gather in Florence twice a year and show their clothes in the ancient Pitti Palace, which is as big as Buckingham Palace and was the Florentine home of the Italian Royal Family before the unification of Italy.

These co-ordinated Florentine fashion shows are the idea of one man—Giovanni Battista Giorgini. Signor Giorgini is a member of a wealthy and well-known Florentine family and has been an export agent since World War I.

He realised that much excellent Italian designing was not getting its true recognition because the designers were scattered in several cities. Several years ago he persuaded the best members of the Italian couture to make Florence the country's fashion centre and to bring collections there twice a year.

The wide, constantly growing fame of Italian fashions proves how sound Signor Giorgini's idea was.



ITALIAN FASHION parade at the Pitti Palace, Florence. The model is wearing an outfit by Emilio of Capri. Buyers come from everywhere for these palace parades.

OUR ITALIAN FASHION PARADES

WHITE LINEN suit by Schuberth. The white blouse is spotted in navy, and the tie is vivid, striking red.



WOVEN COTTON ensemble by Avolio. The coat has cuffs and collar of finely knitted cotton.



GREY WOOL street dress by Simonetta of Rome showing her newest line—the "Inverted Champagne-glass Look."



FAN-SHAPED, finely pleated tiers make the skirt of the romantic short evening gown by Simonetta of Rome. The dress is in a warm tobacco-brown.

CAPUCCI OF ROME shows his interpretation of the new, long waistline in a pale blue short evening dress. Skirt is full and soft.

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ADVICE TO TEENAGERS

Australian teenagers gave me a surprise—a happy surprise. Looking back now to before I visited Australia, I can't remember just what I had expected. I knew I had lots of fans here, and I'd had some very nice letters from them.

by
Frankie Laine

THE surprise was that Australian boys and girls are so much like the kids back home.

I didn't get to meet as many as I would have liked. Busy schedules and a lot of work to do took care of that. But everywhere—in the audiences, on the streets, at the airports in Sydney and Melbourne—I got the same impression.

It was the impression of healthy, good-looking boys and girls.

Except that they seemed rather more shy, I could have been back in California.

There you can see at a glance that they use the wonderful climate to spend lots of time in the open air—just as Aussie teenagers do with their wonderful climate.

I like teenagers and I'm interested in them. This is not only because they're young and have the charm and interest of youth; they also support my livelihood.

The best way I know of repaying them for this support is to spend time with them and to help those who come to me asking for advice.

They say: "What should I do about a musical career?" "Is this song I've written any good?" "Is my voice good enough?"

Listening to them takes a lot of patience. So many haven't got what it needs—and yet you never know whether the next one mightn't prove to be the one pearl in the oyster bed.

Though you have to wade through an awful lot of bad singers to find a good one, yet when you really discover one you get a terrific kick out of helping.

Take for instance Jerri Adams, who was in our show in Australia. She's a youngster we found in 1953, and she's headed for the top. When she gets there I'll feel that I've really done something.

Now for some sounding off: Whenever I start doing this to teenagers I always remember one who said to me, "Oh, it's easy for you to talk. You're a success."

That kid didn't know that success brings a lot of responsibility with it.

There's your responsibility to the people you work with, to your audiences, and to the people who believe in you and in what you're doing.

Acquiring this sense of responsibility to others is part of growing up.

Some kids have it to start with. How soon or how late others develop it depends on the kind of childhood they've had, the kind of family they belong to.

Here's a case in point about responsibility.

Jan, my younger daughter, is 10½. She's crazy about animals, and at the moment she wants a horse so badly she can't sleep.

But she's not getting it yet awhile. I can afford to buy it for her, but she'll get it only when she's old enough to take care of a horse and to carry the responsibility of owning it.

I was lucky, because when I was a kid—the eldest of five boys and two girls—I had plenty of lessons in responsibility.

We were poor. My Pop was a barber, and his money didn't go far among seven children. But we had a happy home life.

We kids didn't have everything we wanted, but we had everything we needed. We had food and clothes and schooling and affectionate parents.

Being the eldest made me feel responsible for the younger ones. Then later, when I became the successful one of the family, I became, in a sense, the head of it.

I was able to let my father retire in 1947. If there's any illness in the family, I look after which-ever brother or sister is involved.

This is only right. If Sam or Joe or any of the others had been the successful one, he'd be right there helping me through any bad times.

Success has to be shared. I never say "I," for instance, when talking about my work. Sure, I open my mouth and sing. But to make just one disc, there's the band, the other artists, the technicians, the song-writer, my agent, manager, and so on. I'm only one part of a group.

This idea of being part of a group applies to everyone.

Have you ever read John Donne's "No man is an island entire of itself; every man is a

piece of the continent, a part of the main . . . any man's death diminishes me because I am involved in mankind."

Nothing truer than that was ever written. Yet you might think it doesn't make sense.

Look at it this way: As an

young kids shouldn't have dates.

It was written by a parent, and I know that a lot of parents in Australia and elsewhere have this view.

I don't agree with it at all.

I'm very much in favor of the attention paid to teenagers as a special sort of

when they're about 15 or 16.

Back home boys and girls start getting acclimated to the opposite sex in co-educational schools. This is a good thing, especially for a boy who has no sisters or a girl who has no brothers.

If teenagers are allowed to have dates now and again—

while their parents stand by to help them—they're getting wonderful training in how to handle situations, how to conduct themselves, and how to make their own decisions.

After all, later they'll have to do all this on their own.

About marriage. People are always saying that the teens is too young to marry. Others say everyone should marry and have children while they're still young.

I say that you can't generalize. Some people are too young at 28 to get married. Others are mature-minded enough at 18 to take on the responsibilities of marriage.

At whatever age, a boy and a girl should know each other for quite a time before they marry. And they should be reasonably sure of having enough money.

No matter how much two people love each other, the money question always rears its ugly head in a marriage.

Poverty never actually helps a marriage. Just now and again, however, you find that it becomes

an accelerator, an incentive to success.

Many a man who would otherwise have stayed in a mediocre job has worked to success simply because he wanted to give his wife nice things.

Just as you can't generalize about early marriages, you can't make any sweeping statements about whether a girl should keep on her job when she's married.

If she has some kind of talent it shouldn't be smothered simply because she is married.

But to me there doesn't seem to be any point in her

keeping on at a small, dull job for the sake of a small pay envelope when she could be putting her energies into making a home and good life for her husband, herself, and their children.

But then, I think that everyone ought to marry.

I think that in achieving a happy marriage a human being makes the biggest possible success, regardless of whether he's rich or poor.

It's what I hope for my daughters. In general I hope, of course, that they'll be happy. But I know that the two best assurances of happiness are to do well in your chosen job and to have a good marriage.

I feel sorry for those kids who take on the careers their parents force on them. A lot of lives are spoiled in this way.

Some youngsters do well in these careers. But doing well at a career doesn't always and necessarily mean being happy at it.

If you have an ambition, go after it. But remember that it often happens that you can't go straight after what you want. The road seems to proceed in a sort of zigzag.

Take my case. I was detoured many times. I knew what I wanted to do, but in between I was a salesman, a waiter, a shipping clerk—all sorts of things. I had to quit singing five times.

But all the time I kept at music. During the war when I worked at a war job, I started to write music.

So it turned out that the detours were part of the road to where I was going.

Most people could instance similar experiences.

So if circumstances head you off, try to get on to a road that sooner or later will link up with the highway towards your own particular objective.

In my opinion only one thing takes priority over a personal ambition. That is the security and happiness of the people dependent on you.

As I said before, a happy marriage is the ultimate and highest goal of anyone's life.

When a man relinquishes a personal ambition or settles for a humdrum job or much less than he wanted in order to provide for his wife and family, he does something far greater than anything else he could possibly achieve in this world.



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infant you're part of a family. As you grow up you become part of a community, a city, a country, and the world.

Your friends, your family, the people you work for and those who work for you share in your life, just as you share in theirs. Your happiness depends on them and theirs depends on you.

This idea of sharing is more readily acceptable to teenagers nowadays because they're encouraged now to share more in their parents' lives.

I read a letter in a newspaper while I was in Australia saying that too much fuss was made of teenagers and that

people. It proves to them that a lot of adults think and care about them, that they're wanted and loved.

Sure, some kids take advantage of it. But they are brats, anyway, spoiled when they were infants. This is the parents' fault, not theirs.

You can bet that any child who grows up with the screwball idea that he can "use" other people and live like a greedy parasite gets to thinking that way from how he was treated at home.

As for dating. I think boys and girls can start having chaperoned dates—at school dances and things like that—

Next week: Frankie Laine writes about Australian women

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 2, 1955

Frankie Laine

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THE FEMALE CITY

By Paul I. Wellman

This is the story of Theodora, that memorable woman whose great beauty and forceful, ruthless character took her from obscurity to the dazzling pinnacle of power as Justinian's Empress in sixth century Constantinople.

Price 18/9 From all Booksellers

How to choose your doctor

BY A MOTHER

NO one would select a new household appliance without first comparing it with others on the market for quality, performance, and general suitability to requirements.

Yet many people devote much less time and care to the vastly more important task of selecting their family doctor.

By choosing your family doctor carefully and well, you will be making your most valuable future friend.

We (my husband, self, and two children) didn't find our ideal family doctor without a good deal of trouble and several false starts. But the trouble was worth it.

We first came face to face with the family doctor situation in the early years of our marriage when we moved to a new district.

Casually we asked our neighbors and new friends to recommend a doctor, not realising that their requirements in a family doctor might differ greatly from our own.

We were recommended in turn a lazy one, a fashionable one with a practice too large for him to handle, a hail-fellow-well-met one, light on understanding when it was needed, and one who brought to doctoring all the impersonal efficiency of modern factory management.

Finally, we drew up a list of the attributes we considered essential in our ideal family doctor and set about trying to find him.

We listed: Experience, availability for emergency and night calls, attitude to children, and compatibility.

We knew by this time that we needed a general practitioner who ran his practice on the traditional family doctor lines.

Earlier we had had some experience with a partnership or group practice. We found we could never rely on seeing the same doctor we had seen previously, and we missed the more personal association.

Not all families will feel as we did, and I know that some doctors (not in group practice) approve the idea on the grounds that it allows valuable, post-graduate study, and in some cases means surgeries with the newest and most expensive equipment—virtually impossible to a doctor practising on his own.

Experience. We found that by consulting the Medical Directory of Australia at the public library we were able to check on the training, hospital appointments, and degrees of every doctor in the district.

One doctor, who had been associated with a large children's hospital and held an honorary appointment at another well-known teaching hospital, specially impressed us.

For we knew this appointment would ensure that he came in contact with men of distinguished medical reputation, alert to the newest techniques and discoveries.

he would continue to play the role for years.

We told ourselves that length of association, bringing with it what must in time amount to the inestimable value of mutual experience and the knowledge gained over the years, must in the end more than make up for passing-over in our selection the district's senior and most distinguished practitioner.



SOUND ADVICE and friendly reassurance are given to anxious parents by the family doctor. He is an important member of your circle who should be chosen with care.

There are doctors who keep up with the latest discoveries of modern medical research and doctors who don't. We feel it's important that our family doctor should do so.

Medical and scientific journals lying unopened in surgery or waiting-rooms aren't encouraging signs.

The holding of honorary appointments not only means that the doctor is held in high repute by an organisation within his profession, but can be of the greatest assistance in such needs as that of getting a bed.

His contact, too, with the other honourees becomes helpful when there arises the matter of specialists' appointments, consultations, and second opinions.

We believed it a happy sign, too, that this doctor, in age, was a contemporary of my husband and myself.

This would mean he had had his experience but was not so old he would have lost touch with people of our age group. Better still, there seemed every likelihood if we adopted him as family doctor

Emergency and Night Calls. Parents of a young family don't have to be reminded how often things can go wrong during the night.

The doctor whose telephone habitually gives the engaged signal after 11 o'clock at night because its receiver is off is hardly the doctor likely to inspire confidence in the heart of a mother.

No person with any sense of responsibility would needlessly get out of bed a hard-working general practitioner. But it is necessary to know that your doctor has sufficient confidence in you to come if you call him.

From one of his patients with whom we were able to get in touch we discovered that the doctor we were "vetting" accepted night and emergency calls without undue fuss.

Attitude to Children. I would say to all parents, "If you can, try to choose a family doctor who is married and has children of his own."

His approach to your own children will be easier and more understanding, and you will find it tremendously re-

assuring to know that as a father he is conversant with many of the problems that worry you.

Compatibility. Irrespective of his qualifications, the doctor in whose company you and your family do not feel at ease is hardly likely to be the most happy choice for you.

On your first visit to his surgery you will be either impressed or unimpressed by the manner in which the doctor sets about getting to know his new patient.

Observe the way he listens to your answers in reply to his questions, the thoroughness he shows in checking past medical history, the hurry or care with which he makes his examination, the detail with which he fills in your card, and his general attitude of interestedness or businesslike detachment.

As a woman, I find it impossible to believe that a doctor whose surgery is not immaculate in every detail is going to give my family the high standard of care I demand on their behalf.

Freshly laundered sheets on the examination table, care in hand-washing, spotless jacket, and attention to the sterilisation of instruments are details to build confidence.

Considering ourselves reasonably intelligent people (or at least anxious to learn), we appreciate it when a doctor doesn't talk down to us.

Nor, on the other hand, must he dazzle us with sentences studded with incomprehensible medical terms when straightforward English would do just as well. We like it when he tells us what he is prescribing and why.

Even the least agreeable and painful treatment seems a little easier if you understand what is being attempted, what are the chances of success, and why that particular treatment was selected for your case in preference to other treatments.

While it is only reasonable to grant a doctor a certain amount of latitude in keeping appointments (emergencies and complications must continually arise), the doctor who time and time again is hopelessly behind in seeing people in his surgery is either well-meaning but disorganised or lacking in consideration.

Candor in the discussion of fees is another point that can be checked during the first visit. If, like ourselves, you need to know exactly what you are up against in charges, you will want a doctor who will appreciate your position and frankly discuss expenses.

Experience has taught us that no really sound patient-doctor relationship can exist without a mutually satisfactory understanding being established in regard to expenses.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 2, 1955

New cut, New cloth, New colours
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"HELP! HELP! SAVE ME!"



"MY HERO! HOLD ME TIGHT!"

Amateur movie makers film a Keystone comedy

By HELEN GORDON,
staff reporter

Movie-making doesn't have to be a complicated Hollywood business of sound stages and expensive sets. The way a group of Sydney amateurs do it, making a movie becomes a family affair and a lot of fun for all concerned.

ONCE or twice a year the Sydney members of the Australian Amateur Cine Society arrange a film "picnic"—a combination of family outing and "shooting on location," when everyone gets together to make a movie.

Two of the keenest club members work out a story for the film and prepare a shooting script a few weeks before the picnic.

Then on the appointed day (if it's good "shooting" weather) the film-makers load their expensive camera gear into their cars, pack in Mum, the children, and a picnic hamper, and go off to one of the beaches or bush areas around Sydney.

It's a family affair right from the start. Friends and workmates of A.A.C.S. members are pressed into service as starring actors and extras, and stray onlookers often find themselves before the cameras.

"Making movies is expensive," said Mrs. Muriel Hall, one of the oldest members of the Society, "but you have no idea how much fun it is."

Staff photographer Adeline Hurley and I went along to the Cine Society's most re-

cent film outing, held in the bush at Lane Cove National Park in Sydney.

We went merely as spectators, but by the end of the day Adeline had starred in almost as many feet of film as the actors.

Every time she raised her camera to take a picture someone with a camera would spring from behind a bush to photograph her.

We arrived on the "set" to find a rather confusing situation. Cameramen and camerawomen were filming the actors, other cameramen were filming the cameramen filming the actors, and some cameramen seemed more concerned with the scenery.

The movie's plot was the joint brainchild of the director, Lionel Neate, club vice-president Foster Stubbs, and Mrs. Stubbs, who was a radio scriptwriter before her marriage.

It was an involved story concerning a couple of farmers, played by two young men from Lionel Neate's office, who also doubled as the featured player—a bull made from hessian and rope.

The stars of the film (pictured above) were Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Simmons, friends of Dr. Frank Bellingham, president of the Fede-

rated Amateur Cine Societies.

They played an artist and his girl-friend who go out into the country for a day's sketching, and are disturbed successively by farmers, picnickers (played by families and onlookers), photographers, and The Bull.

The cameras were grinding away when into the scene walked a piece of genuine local color—a Park Ranger who had come to tell director Lionel Neate that motor traffic was forbidden on that particular piece of track.

The director, the actors, and a few of the onlookers converged on the ranger and finally talked him out of his objections.

Shooting proceeded smoothly—then came the horses.

A band of Czechoslovakian migrants on horseback cantered through the "location" area, closely followed by a

movie cameraman taking shots of the horses and riders for another amateur movie on National Park.

The rival cameraman stayed and watched for a while and seemed impressed.

Soon after midday the movie-makers stopped for lunch. Family groups drifted off towards cars, and the picnic hampers were unpacked.

It gave me a chance to talk to Mrs. Joan Stubbs, who spent the day taking stills of the film for her husband.

"I don't know much about cameras," she said, "but since I married Foster I've been learning. I've had to. The house is like Central Station sometimes with people coming in and out talking about film and cameras."

"However, I don't mind it. Amateur movies are all right by me."



CAMERAS roll and the movie-makers squint through their viewfinders, intent on making a movie masterpiece.



TAKE ONE, reads the "shot board" held by Joseph See, while cameramen check focus and actors prepare to emote.



FILM STARS have to eat. Shooting break finds leading players sharing picnic hamper with family and onlookers.



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Worth Reporting

WHEN the Duchess of Kent entered the small village church at Cascais, Portugal, for the wedding of her nephew, Prince Alexander, of Yugoslavia, and Princess Maria Pia, of Italy, Portuguese students flung their capes on the ground for her to walk on.

The Duchess, who took her two elder children, Princess Alexandra and the Duke of Kent, to the wedding, wore a champagne-pink dress with a matching coat and wide hat of egret feathers.

It was the first time the two young Kents had seen such an assembly of Europe's ex-Royals who lead a life of elegance and luxury which might make the young members of the British Royal Family open their eyes in surprise.

Princess Maria Pia's wedding was, in the words of her father, ex-King Umberto of Italy, "a simple family affair which somehow got out of hand."

Two thousand people were invited, but more than 4000 turned up.

As well, many thousands of Italian monarchist sympathisers travelled to Portugal and gathered round the little church (it holds 250) and outside the Palacio Hotel where the reception was held.

Altogether more than 100 members of nine European Royal Houses attended, including the French, Portuguese, and Spanish Pretenders, and the Archduke Joseph Francis of Hapsburg.

Fifty daughters of aristocratic Italian families lined the path to the church and wore traditional Italian dresses in red, green, and gold.

The material for the wedding dress, made by the Fontana Sisters in Rome, cost £80 a yard, and the plain tulle veil, 15 yards long, was held in place with a diadem of pearls and diamonds.

As the young couple left the church, 4000 white pigeons were released in the village square, and from overhanging balconies people who had paid at least £4 each for the position threw down rose petals and rice.

After the honeymoon in southern Portugal and Madeira, Alexander, who met his bride last summer on the cruise of the Greek Islands organised by the King and Queen of Greece, will return to his job in a shipping office.

However, he is due for promotion. His boss, Stavros Niarchos, a Greek multi-millionaire shipping magnate, is opening a Paris branch, and Prince Alexander will be in charge.

Niarchos' wedding present was a Mercedes-Benz.

YOUNGSTERS in the next-door backyard were trying to initiate a younger boy into the game of cowboys and Indians.

When he was attacked by an "Indian," the cowboy novice yelled out, "Don't dead me, I'm a 'choir-boy'."



"Who owns a blue sedan, double parked since ten o'clock, as if I didn't know!"

A FRIEND of ours, who is really old enough to know better, was terrified when she saw the family cat trying to pick up one of her new-born kittens in her mouth.

"Come quickly," she shrieked to her mother, a fairly nervous person at any time, "the cat's eating one of the kittens!"

Full of horror and indignation her mother rushed into the room crying out: "What an unnatural animal! How could a cat be so IN-HUMAN!"

**Nothing hurts
these tyres**

FOR practically a whole afternoon we sat on a grandstand in Parramatta Park (N.S.W.), and watched tubeless tyres being subjected to such tortures as "Side Swiping Test, Boneshaker, Roller Coaster Slam, Bed of Nails, and Carpet of Nails."

But the "noo tooless tyres" (so called by American executives) stood up to it all without flinching.

There wasn't a hiss from them when blond model Betty Dawes lifted a mallet and proceeded to drive long nails into the rubber.

After that she stepped casually into the car and drove it up and down the stretch, while loudspeakers informed us that the tyres were "blow-out" proof.

Spectators gasped as ace drivers Frank Kleinig and Bill McLachlan screamed down the straight, shooting their vehicles over wooden ramps, or squealed round and round in tight circles until the bitumen road surface showed the pattern.

Nothing seemed to affect the tyres, not even the treatment they received when driven over splintery railway sleepers set down on the road.

**You lucky
baby, you**

LOCAL businessmen at Bombala, N.S.W., will make a series of gifts to the first baby born in a new eight-bed maternity block at the local hospital.

The block will be opened officially in May.

The hospital's youthful matron, Sister Norah O'Brien, already has promises of a silver mug from a jeweller, a silver egg-cup and spoon from a babywear shop, and toilet articles from a chemist.

A group of publicans will throw in cash donations to open a fixed-deposit bank account for the infant, and the town's photographer has offered free pictures of mother and child.

Residents have raised £5000 towards the cost of the new block, and, to complete the community effort, some of the local housewives have volunteered to monogram the quilts and pillowslips for the hospital's nursery.

Book News

By Helen Frizell

"SIR ROGUE."

Buckle on your swash and set off for Muscovy with that riproaring rascallion, Elizabethan adventurer Sir Guy Spangler, who, in the pages of Leslie Turner White's "Sir Rogue," is heading for Muscovy to win back a fortune from Tsar Ivan the Terrible. Plenty of rough stuff, plenty of romance.

Shakespeare Head Press.

"SO TIBERIUS."

Ethel Mannin's story is primarily about Lucia, a female cat, secondly about her owner, newspaperman John Ainsworth, and thirdly about his wife, Susan, a rather feline female. Miss Mannin's outlook on animals is realistic. Humans and animals, says Miss Mannin, may be cruel as well as beautiful. Clear, easy reading.

Jarrollds. Grahame Book Company.

Test this fragrant cleanser!



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CHEMICO

The fragrant household cleanser in the pink tin

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 2, 1955

Chinchilla farms boom in New York

By GEORGE McGANN, of our New York staff

The "chinchilla boom" is reaching large proportions in the United States. People are raising the luxuriously furred little rodents in their homes, garages, and even in New York city skyscraper apartments.

"CHINCHILLAS are extremely easy to raise and have a low mortality rate of less than 3 per cent.," Mr. William L. Gledhill, president of the Chinchilla Exchange, said. "They are vegetarians, very fastidious in their habits, and thrive in virtually any climate except extreme heat."

"They usually have three litters yearly, with about three cubs in each litter. Within three years it is possible for a breeder to have a saleable herd of 30 to 40 animals."

The reason for the brisk sales of the bluish-grey animals is the terrific demand for their skins. At a recent fur fashion show in New York, a full-length chinchilla coat was displayed with a price tag of 50,000 dollars, and a chinchilla stole was sold for 10,000 dollars.

A single chinchilla pelt is worth about 175 dollars in the current market. This compares with five or six dollars for a mink pelt.

The authority for these figures is Mr. Gledhill, who told me that an amateur breeder who invests in a pair of graded (pedigreed) chinchillas at, say, 1500 dollars, can look forward to making a profit from 400 to 1000 per cent. within three years.

A chinchilla exchange opened recently on Broadway, in the heart of the theatrical district, to sell pairs of chinchillas to would-be breeders for 1000 to 2000 dollars per pair. Even at these high prices there are many buyers of live chinchillas.

The species originated in the high Andes Mountains of Peru, Chile, and Bolivia, where the Spanish conquistadores first saw the pelts adorning native chieftains.

By 1900 1,500,000 pelts were being exported from Chile alone. Then disaster struck. It was found too late that the rodents were being trapped to extinction. By 1914 chinchilla exports had completely ceased and the rodents had apparently vanished from the earth.

But in 1918 an American



EASY TO LOVE. Chinchillas, which are members of the rat family, make attractive pets because they are so cuddly. Moreover, they are nearly worth their weight in plutonium.

mining engineer named Chapman working in Chile succeeded in rounding up 11 chinchillas—seven males and four females—from remote Andean caves. He took them back to California, bred them, and rescued the dying species. All of the estimated 500,000 chinchillas now in existence are descended from Chapman's 11.

"Of the 500,000 chinchillas now in existence only 75,000 or so are graded and meet the high standard laid down by the fur industry," Mr. Gledhill said. "We are hoping to increase this number sharply by selling only high-graded animals who can pass tests for

conformation, fur texture, density, and strength."

Chinchilla furs are much admired by women, not only for their rarity, but because they are literally as light as silk, extremely warm, durable (a chinchilla coat is good for 60 or 70 years), and very beautiful.

"There is never any doubt about what a woman is wearing when she is clad in chinchilla," Mr. Gledhill remarked.

"It is the one fur that cannot be imitated in color or texture. It is so soft that it gives women a garment that really enhances their curves."



CHINCHILLA COAT, made from skins of animals raised in a New York apartment, commanded a price of nearly £25,000. Besides being lovely to look at, chinchilla coats are practically indestructible.

HOW TO ENJOY YOUR DAILY BREAD

—and keep your waistline down!
RYVITA—the appetising RYE CRISPBREAD
makes you fit and keeps you slim

Doctors and fashion writers both stress the importance of a trim waistline — yet most of us shudder at the mere thought of going on a diet.

Fortunately modern dietetics have solved the problem for us with a delicious whole rye crispbread called Ryvita.

How Ryvita keeps you slim

How can a food help to keep you slim? Ryvita, Australia's only crispbread made from rye, contains all the goodness of the whole rye grain. In other words, Ryvita is all nourishment. It satisfies your appetite faster so that you eat only what you really need. It satisfies your appetite longer, so that you can say "no" to figure-building snacks between meals. At the same time, it steps up your energy so that your body burns up the excess food which would otherwise become a "spare tyre" round your waist.

Makes other foods taste nicer

Munchy, crunchy Ryvita, rich in whole-rye vitamins, minerals and proteins, is a wonderful new experience in good eating. See how it brings out the flavour of jam, cheese, salads, or your favourite spread. Serve it for a quick snack after school; let the whole family enjoy it for breakfast, lunch and dinner. Ryvita crispbread is the new modern way to keep your waistline in its place and still enjoy your daily bread.



ENGLAND'S MOST POPULAR CRISPBREAD

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A PRODUCT OF THE WESTON BISCUIT COMPANY
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3/6 and 1/11 at all grocers
(slightly more in country areas)



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A

B

A. Latest "Swagger" Coat

Three button fastening. Cuffed, raglan sleeves. Blended yarn dyed Duvelva by "Ruthes" millium lined. Charcoal, teal blue, junior navy, cherry, mid-grey, dark green. Sizes XSSW, SSW, SW, W. £15/15/- Wt. 4lbs.

B. All Wool Barathea Suit

Fully lined. Coat has new shoulder line, two-button trimmed pockets. Pleated skirt. In XSSW, SSW, SW, W. In twilight blue, mid-grey, or black. Slim sleeves and smart collar. Low priced at only £12/19/6.



D

C

E

C. English "Jerseycraft"

Fine quality wool jersey. A small pattern gives a tweed effect. Full length sleeves. Light yet warm. Finely pleated skirt. Grey, blue, silver-pine green. Sizes SSW to W, XW. 10 Gns.

D. Janiline Jersey Blouse
3-quarter sleeves. Neat neckline. Mist blue, black, grey, new tangerine. For suits, skirts. XSSW, SSW, SW, W. 79/6.

E. Bargain Priced Skirt!
Smart pleated skirt in heavyweight rayon skirting. Fawn, mid-grey, black. 24in., 26in., 28in., 30in., 39/11.

Special Purchase!

F. Donbros Twin - Sets
They're imported from Scotland in two popular styles. Illustrated: High button cardigan and crew neck, short sleeved pullover. Not illustrated: 5 button, open basque cardigan. Peony rose, black, ice-blue, stone, dusty-pink, highland red, gold. 34in., 36in., 38in. and 40in. You can lay-by. Price, 95/-.



F

the "TWEED STORY"

American copies, these "Judee Ann" Suits.

Exclusive to Anthony Horderns' Junior Centre

G. Copy of an American model. Clip-on Hat in suede finish velveteen. 12 to 18 years. Wine, brown, blue or red. Wonderfully priced at only 21/-.

H. Wool Tweed Suit. In brown-green and aqua-tan blends. 27in., £7/17/6; 30in., £7/19/6; 33in., £8/8/6; 36in., £8/14/-; 39in., £8/18/6; 42in., £9/3/6.

I. Bobble clip-on Hat. American copy. Suede finish velveteen. In wine, brown, blue or red. To fit girls from 5 years to 14. Wonderfully priced at 19/6.

J. Teen Suit in blue, grey or green blends. 12T, 14T, 16T. At £8/5/- Why not Lay-by?

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H

J

ON PARADE FOR PRINCESS MARGARET



TRINIDAD POLICE form a guard of honor for Princess Margaret on her arrival in Port of Spain, the first port of call on her Caribbean tour. She wore an ivory shantung taffeta dress and tiny hat of matching material. Her black patent-leather, open-toed shoes had 4½-inch heels, and she carried a gunmetal handbag. See cabled story overleaf.

* A pearl glow finish
that gives your skin
a flawlessly
sheer look...



* A fragrance that
lingers on — subtly
alluring...

...that's Gemey's



**Double
Enchantment**

Silk-sifted for super-fineness. Gemey Face Powders velvet-soft texture is light as air, yet gives even coverage and lasting finish without caking or streaking. Dry, rough patches freshen in a moment; lines, tiny blemishes smooth away. This is the perfect powder to keep your skin looking its youngest and freshest, fragrant with the subtle magic of Gemey Perfume — the loveliest of all. Be lovelier. Seven fashion-perfect shades. At all chemists and selected department stores. 5/6

Gemey
Silk sifted
FACE POWDER
by *Richard Hudnut*
NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS • SYDNEY



Princess Margaret buys . . .

Tour souvenirs for family

Princess Margaret will have presents for Prince Charles and Princess Anne in her luggage when she returns to London after her tour of the West Indies.

FOR the young Prince and Princess she has dolls dressed in West Indian costumes with fruit baskets tied on their heads, and amusing long swizzle sticks with tiny island figures on the top.

Charles and Anne are already familiar with the islands their aunt has so far visited on her tour through picture postcards she has posted to them from each port of call.

In leisure hours on board the Royal yacht Britannia Princess Margaret has also been making lists of the presents she will take back for other members of the Royal Family and for personal friends.

The gifts include baskets and calypso shirts, skirts embroidered with splashes of tropical scenery, polished conch shells, sprays of colored coral, and pieces of gay pottery.

Presentations

SHE herself has received some very attractive gifts on her first Royal tour.

In Grenada she was presented with a nutmeg-shaped brooch in mahogany-colored enamel surrounded by pale green coral and dark green leaves.

A dainty cotton parasol with a handle of polished conch shell was a gift in St. Vincent, and in Barbados she received an 18th-century Sangaree bowl from the people of the Island.

As the Princess cruises in the Britannia on the last lap of her Caribbean journey, daily messages of congratulations and good wishes are being received on board.

Princess Margaret has been making the most of her days on board as she sails from one island to another.

"It's like a holiday cruise," she said, when describing life on board to one of her friends. "I feel so completely at home."

There is no doubt that much of the success of Princess Margaret's West Indies tour is due to the hours of relaxation she has had on board.

On the verandah of the Britannia she has time to attend to the correspondence and hundreds of signals that arrive planning each day's programme down to the last detail.

She spends some time each morning at the efficient, streamlined office desk built into one side of the Queen's drawing-room.

Here her lady-in-waiting, Miss Iris Peake, receives her instructions.



PRINCESS MARGARET signs the distinguished visitors' book at Port of Spain Town Hall, Trinidad. The Princess is wearing an orchid-mauve silk frock, and tiny straw hat.

The Princess not only sends letters and telegrams of thanks, but for those who have done some little service she frequently sends a gift bearing her initials and Royal cypher.

The young district officers, who worked hard in advance for the success of the tour and who have seen that all arrangements went perfectly, have been given silver pencils.

Each pencil bears the Princess' initial and cypher letters. On board the Britannia

By
ANNE MATHESON,
our representative
with the Royal tour.

Princess Margaret wears her cotton frocks and play-clothes.

She has a vast wardrobe of sun-dresses which she covers with a short jacket for lunch and while working at the Queen's desk.

Princess Margaret likes to lunch informally on the verandah of the Royal yacht with her ladies-in-waiting.

But dinner in the evening is a very formal occasion.

The Princess and her ladies-in-waiting wear short cocktail-length dinner dresses.

They have pretty gauze nylon gowns patterned with tropical fruit and flowers, as well as ballet-length lace and taffeta dresses.

Six to eight different officers are invited to dine with Princess Margaret each night.

The Britannia has a complement of 21 officers, all of whom were hand-picked.

The officers were picked for service and seamanship, but are so handsome that they could have been chosen for looks instead.

All are good dancers.

None of Princess Margaret's friends in the islands are entertained on board, and for this Royal tour none of the officers are allowed to invite friends to the wardroom.

The Britannia is Margaret's home while on the tour, and all private entertaining has to be done ashore.

I met one young officer at an evening reception in Barbados who told me it was the first time he had been off the Royal yacht.

"But it's such fun when the Princess is on board, that I don't mind at all," he told me.

The Britannia has 230 ratings, and it also has a Royal Marine Band.

Calypso songs

HOWEVER, the band did not come out for the West Indies cruise. Princess Margaret prefers to play gramophone records.

After dinner the Royal party usually listens to the calypso records the Princess is collecting.

She has been given many of the calypso songs written about herself, but in addition she has a wide range of calypso records bought by her ladies-in-waiting in each island.

Margaret's calypso parties are just as gay as those ashore.

However, it's early to bed, early to rise on the Britannia.

The Princess likes to be up in time to watch the tropical dawns.

These crimson dawns fascinate the Princess, who finds herself getting up at an hour when she might easily be just going to bed in London, where most dances finish towards 3 a.m. with bacon-and-egg breakfasts.



EXCLUSIVE "EVERIGHT" COLLA.
(lined with specially loomed Nylpoplin)
equals anything in top-quality poplin.
Can't wrinkle, pucker or lose its shape!



LOOKS LIKE POPLIN
Nylpoplin 666 is *not* transparent—
singlets *don't* show through. Keeps its
original whiteness.



**CUFFS DON'T MAGNETISE THE
DIRT.** Nylpoplin 666 stays clean from
9 to 5. Non-magnetic, it won't attract
the dirt, it's easier to wash.



ABSORBENT AS POPLIN
You can't pick Nylpoplin 666 from
poplin, on or off! Breathes like poplin,
stays cool as poplin in the hottest weather.



SHEDS ITS WRINKLES
Just hang it up and watch creases tumble
out. That's why it never needs ironing!



**TAILS DON'T RIDE UP OR "CREASE
UP."** They stay neatly in place, just like
poplin. But no poplin shirt ever sheds its
wrinkles the way Nylpoplin 666 does!

Introducing ^{*}Nylpoplin 666

it looks and feels like poplin—wears, washes
and dries like nylon (and similar synthetic fibres)
sheds its wrinkles and never needs ironing!

WOMAN: Sounds wonderful. But does it really look like
a poplin shirt?

BISLEY: Yes. You cannot tell NYLPOPLIN 666 and
poplin apart. Even the 'Everight' collar and
the self-lined cuffs have the detail and finish
of a top-quality poplin shirt.

MAN: But if it's a synthetic shirt it *must* be hot in
summer. I've tried them all.

BISLEY: Not NYLPOPLIN 666. It's specially loomed
to almost the identical absorbency as top-
quality poplin.

WOMAN: No ironing? I still have to touch up my
husband's other synthetic shirts.

BISLEY: We guarantee that no NYLPOPLIN 666 shirt
will ever have to be ironed. It will drip-dry
looking like a freshly pressed poplin shirt.

MAN: What is this 'Everight' collar?

BISLEY: A semi-stiff collar lined with a specially
loomed Nylpoplin. It's the first 100% success-
ful synthetic collar—won't wrinkle, pucker or
lose its shape ever.

MAN: And how much will this modern miracle cost
us?

BISLEY: Less than many of the synthetic shirts on the
market at the moment! If all this sounds too
good to be true—see it for yourself. NYL-
POPLIN 666 is arriving at selected stores
throughout Australia right now.

*BEWARE OF OUR IMITATORS:

Only Bisley has genuine NYLPOPLIN. NYL-
POPLIN 666 is a registered trade mark of
Bisley—Australia's synthetic shirt specialists.

Bisley
REGISTERED TRADE MARK

NYLPOPLIN 666

Manufactured exclusively by
HUBBARD & CO., SYDNEY, N.S.W.
AUSTRALIA'S SYNTHETIC SHIRT SPECIALISTS

There's so much to gain by Stepping up to Customline !

IT'S WORTHMORE WHEN YOU BUY IT . . .

AND WORTHMORE WHEN YOU SELL IT!

IT is not only its sleek and lovely styling that makes Customline so attractive. 50 worthmore features make it easily the top value among big cars. Each of these better, finer features is a reason why stepping up to Customline means stepping right up to the top-flight of motoring. For instance, Ford's Miracle Ride—with the entire suspension system completely balanced for riding smoothness—means the finest travel ease you've known. That travel ease is enhanced, too, by the widespread, spacious comfort and complete appointments of Customline's interior. And performance is so effortless . . . the 32.5 h.p. Strato-Star V8 engine provides both easier power and the petrol-saving of its exclusive Power Pilot feature. But there's feature after feature to talk about . . . so, this week, why not pay your Ford Dealer a visit?



YOUR FORD DEALER INVITES
YOU TO TEST-DRIVE
AND VALUE-CHECK

Feature by feature, he'll show
you the 50 reasons why, in
styling, engineering and value,
Customline is worthmore than
its keen price.

FORD V8 Customline

More fine motor car for your money!

Listen to the FORD SHOW on any of the 64 STATIONS in the nation-wide weekly broadcast

Newlyweds avoid Press

By BILL STRUTTON,
of our London staff

Diane Cilento's secret marriage to Italian writer Andrea Volpe has caused astonishment at her studio. It has been the best-kept secret in films.

FLABBERGASTED publicity men have been running round in circles trying to get the story of it. Diane is not talking to them.

She and Andrea Volpe, who came to England a few weeks ago to renew his two-years-long wooing, were married in Kensington Registry Office on February 11.

He and his sister Margaret and only one or two closest friends knew, and they had to cross their hearts and swear not to tell.

Two days after their marriage a newsagency roundsmen combing through registry office lists picked up the name, "Elizabeth Cilento," checked it, and found it referred to Diane Cilento, the star whose name is filling columns in British papers as one of the most sensational discoveries films have made in years.

The hunt was on. Newspapermen swarmed to the door of her Kensington flat and laid siege.

Nobody answered, and Volpe, who was waiting inside for Diane's return from Pinewood, lay doggo.

His phone rang. He picked it up gingerly. It was Diane. She had stopped by for drinks at the flat of her leading man, George Baker, who shared the studio ear with her back to London, and she asked for the lay of the land.

"Darleeng, there are hundreds of them downstairs," yelled the groom. "What do I do?"

"Just walk straight out as though you don't belong to the place and come on over," Diane said.

He got through. Hours later they cruised past their block in the car and newspapermen and photographers were still camped there.

They kept right on driving in aimless circles.

Finally, in the early morning, Diane's agent persuaded the hollow-eyed, yawning newlyweds to surrender for a few pictures, then shut the besiegers out so they could get some sleep.

Diane told me this with a rather rueful air when I drove down to Pinewood studios.

"They shot all sorts of awful questions at us," she said. "The corniest ones you could think of. It was terrible!"

An acid note is now creeping into columnists' references



AUSTRALIAN FILM STAR Diane Cilento and her husband, Andrea Volpe, photographed in their flat soon after their secret London wedding.

to Cilento, and they are beginning to grumble that she is "doing a Garbo."

They refuse to believe the truth of it, which is that she not only doesn't give a hoot for personal publicity, but actively shuns anybody likely to pressure her about her private life, likes, whims, habits, or hobbies.

In the film world, where some regard it as more desirable to get themselves talked and written about than to put their energies into a good performance, Diane Cilento is looked on as an eccentric.

She has the same widely rebellious scorn of ballyhoo that made Marlon Brando Hollywood's bad boy.

Husband Andrea was standing beyond the circle of arc lights watching her being photographed.

Diane introduced him. He is quietly good-looking, 23, and speaks remarkably good English.

"Don't tell him so," Diane said. "As soon as you do Andrea dries up and starts making the most awful blunders."

"It nearly broke up the marriage ceremony. He was repeating the registrar's words very carefully after him till they got to the part about 'lawful impediment.'"

"Andrea stumbled and said something that sounded like 'awful embezzlement,' but the registrar was kind and didn't bat an eye."

Volpe comes from a wealthy and socially prominent Italian family.

His father is an industrialist and his mother has a fashion house in Rome reputed to cater for a small, exclusive clientele.

Andrea is slightly built, dresses soberly, and has a shy, charming smile.

He first met Diane two years ago at a party in London when he was on a prolonged European tour.

Since then they've visited each other, and Andrea kept up his suit by phone and cable from Rome.

Last year they holidayed in Spain with Margaret Cilento along as a duenna.

Later she went to Rome to spend Christmas with Andrea's family.

She told me: "We were to have been married then, but as soon as I arrived I fell ill and spent my stay there in bed."

"Then I had to come back to start this picture, 'A Woman For Joe.'"

Andrea solved the problem by coming to England.

It is almost laughable the way she puzzles the columnists and the snobs of the film world.

They can't grasp the fact that she is totally unimpressed by being a celebrity and that a film star's career doesn't interest her so much as good acting parts.

A wide streak of the gypsy shows in her. That may be good for her current film, a circus story in which she appears as a Hungarian lovely who lands a job with a troupe and has to sing in a lions' cage.

Her career has Diane perhaps more firmly in its grip than she wishes.

Straight after this film—without time to think of a honeymoon—comes her biggest acting chance to date, as Helen of Troy on the West End stage opposite Michael Redgrave.

However, nothing is going to change their mode of life for the newly-weds.

Diane and Andrea are sticking to their tiny unpretentious flat in Kensington.

Rexona Soap *now in* *thrifty* BATH SIZE



To guard your natural loveliness all over!

Now you can buy a big thrifty bath-size Rexona Soap for all over skin care. Use it for every bath, every refreshing shower you take. Rexona helps to restore your skin to natural smoothness and flawlessness because it's specially medicated with Cadyl, a fragrant blend of five rare beauty oils. Give the whole family the gentle protection of Rexona Soap. Get the new bath-size, it's a soap they'll love to use.



REXONA SOAP HELPS SKIN BLEMISHES DISAPPEAR

X.129.143g

FROM 1750

TO 1955



Finlay's *linen-finish* sheets

have proved they wear years longer!

Your inheritance of strength and beauty, in Sheets woven and bleached in the pure air of the Scottish Highlands! Of best quality cotton, with that treasured linen-finish, they're guaranteed to withstand years of hard wear. The colours were stolen from the rainbow one day, bringing to earth a drift of glamorous dreams to stay through countless launderings. Pamper your personality with your most flattering colour, knowing that you've invested in over two hundred years of skill and perfection in Finlay's Sheet making! Look for the name *Finlay's* on the selvedge.



Blue, Primrose,
Apricot, Nil-Green,
Rose, Dark-Rose or
Sparkling White

Finlay's *famed linen finish* Sheets  Made in Scotland

ROAD SAFETY CONTEST

Last chance to win a Hillman Minx car

This week we are printing an additional entry form for our Road Safety Contest.

A FULL list of the contest suggestions, which have been appearing in groups of four each week since our January 5 issue, is printed on this page.

Using Entry Form Number Two (below), you simply choose the eight suggestions you think the best and list the number of each, in order of merit, from 1st to 8th, in Column 2 of the form.

Last week we printed the first entry form, to which competitors must attach a complete set of the eight coupons that appeared each week up until our previous issue.

Competitors who have these coupons will be able to use both entry forms, thus increasing their chances of winning one of the eight Hillman Minx cars and extra sets of Olympic tyres being offered as prizes.

Readers who did not

collect the coupons can enter only by using Entry Form Number Two.

This week's entry form does not require a set of coupons, but it must be sent in a separate envelope, and not with last week's entry form.

There is ample time for you to think over your selections, to weigh the value of one suggestion against another.

The closing date is not until March 23, 1955.

Have a round-table discussion at home and pool the ideas of road-safety-conscious members of the family.

Observation of the road behaviour round you will also come in handy when the time comes to make a final choice.

It may lead to a winning entry and a car that will solve all your transport problems.

LIST OF CONTEST SUGGESTIONS

1. Road safety made compulsory school subject.
2. More mobile traffic police.
3. Compulsory helmets for motor cyclists.
4. More pedestrian crossings.
5. More severe penalties for major offences such as reckless and drunken driving.
6. Drivers' hand signals to be made uniform throughout Australia.
7. Maximum speed limit of 50 miles per hour on country roads.
8. Periodical medical and eyesight examinations for drivers over 50 years of age.
9. Gradual elimination of railway level crossings.
10. Compulsory equipping of bicycles with headlamp, braking device, tail-light, bell, etc.
11. Voluntary blood tests for determining degree of intoxication of drivers.
12. Better and more uniform street lighting.
13. Road safety instruction for adolescents through churches, youth organisations, etc.
14. Regular compulsory mechanical checks of motor vehicles at depots and garages.
15. Greater degree of courtesy on the part of all road users.
16. More rigid driving tests for car drivers' and motor-cyclists' licences.
17. Extension of road-safety patrols at children's crossings.
18. Special training courses for "learner" motor-cyclists.
19. Attachment of STOP lights and reflectors on the back of all trams.
20. Dogs to be kept on leads in city and suburban streets.
21. Increased protection for pedestrians, such as pedestrian refuges, etc.
22. Improved road planning to provide greater visibility, especially at intersections.
23. Gradual introduction of traffic roundabouts to eliminate congestion.
24. More parking bays for heavy vehicles, particularly on main roads.
25. Stricter police supervision of pedestrians, particularly jay-walkers.
26. Road traffic signs to be made uniform throughout Australia.
27. Use of plain-clothes traffic police.
28. Restricted speed limits for motor-cyclists-carrying pillion-riders.
29. Gradual addition to police cars of radar equipment for detecting speed offences.
30. More use of Press, radio, and films in teaching how to use the roads safely.
31. Incorporation in vehicles of safety features, such as rubber dashboards, safety-belts, etc.
32. Better protection for motor-cyclists by providing built-in safety bars, etc.

HOW TO ENTER

- Select from the 32 road safety suggestions printed at right the eight you consider the most effective and list them in their order of merit, from 1st to 8th, on the entry form below.

ENTRY FORM NUMBER TWO

ROAD SAFETY CONTEST

In submitting this entry, I agree to abide by the Contest Rules published in The Australian Women's Weekly of January 5, 1955.

Name
Mr., Mrs., or Miss

Address

State

HOW TO MARK YOUR ENTRY

First select from the 32 suggestions the eight you think the best. Then place the number of the best suggestion at the top of Column 2, and so on, in order of merit, from 1st to 8th.

ADDRESS YOUR ENTRY TO "ROAD SAFETY CONTEST," BOX 5252, G.P.O., SYDNEY. IT MUST REACH US NO LATER THAN MARCH 23, 1955.

(Col. 1)

(Col. 2)

| | |
|-----|--|
| 1st | |
| 2nd | |
| 3rd | |
| 4th | |
| 5th | |
| 6th | |
| 7th | |
| 8th | |



Everyone would like to have white, sparkling teeth like lovely Sydney model Janette Paris. Her teeth care is simple to follow. She uses new American formula Nyal Toothpaste. Janette says:-

"To my mind there is no better Toothpaste than Nyal!"

You, too, can have whiter, brighter teeth in only 10 days by using Nyal Toothpaste. New American formula Nyal Toothpaste will clean your teeth better than ever before! **Cleans Teeth Better.** In texture and cleansing power, Nyal Toothpaste sets a new standard. It instantly helps remove food particles from between the teeth. **Makes Teeth Brighter.** The highly-activated dental detergent contained in Nyal Toothpaste quickly and safely removes all traces of dulling film and stains. **Makes the Mouth Fresher.** The clean, refreshing peppermint flavour of Nyal Toothpaste lingers long after brushing your teeth. Children like it, too!

Have whiter teeth in 10 days with...



THE VETERANS

By Eric Lambert

Seasoned soldiers from Tobruk and Alamein returned to wartime Sydney for a brief spell before going on to the jungle war of New Guinea. The author of TWENTY THOUSAND THIEVES has written another powerful story of Australians at rest and in action. Price 15/6. From all Booksellers.

LUCAS *Spectator* SPORTSWEAR

strikes a new note . . .

with washable durably
pleated skirts and co-ordinated
separate tops

There's magic in the exclusive
Lucas blend of nylon and wool
fabrics that retain pleats and
shape for keeps . . . never
shrink, shed wrinkles and rarely
need pressing.

Co-ordinated with colourful
and exclusively designed Lucas
pure merino wool tops, these
famous fashion separates will
be your most liveable winter
sportswear companions.

The illustrated styles are but two
of a wide variety of colourful
combinations and designs avail-
able throughout Australia from
your favourite store.



* For the name of your nearest store selling Lucas Spectator Sportswear, write to E. Lucas & Co., 27 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.



● Maggy Rouff's wide-skirted ball gown (above) is made in fine black lace mounted over white tulle. Bands of jet trim neckline, sleeves, and scalloped edge at hem.



● Pierre Balmain chooses white jersey for this formal short evening dress (above). The full skirt has an intricate trim of rucked jersey on gold lace. The dress is worn with gloves.

Return to Elegance

● This is the season for the beautiful evening dress, above all. Its design can be dramatic and slinky or superbly feminine. Rich satins, velvets, laces, and jerseys are all in fashion.



● Balmain's cardinal-red floor-sweeping velvet cloak (left) worn over a ruby satin evening dress.

● Patou's dark bronze velvet evening shirt (above) worn with a draped white chiffon blouse.

Put this idea into
your husband's head
(any handy man can build it with Timbrock)

Easy to saw



Imagine this dream of a storage wall beautifully blending with your bedroom decor. This luxury feature is a complete solution to the storage problem—even in a very small bedroom. Any man who can use a saw can build it in a few week-ends for a very few pounds with Timbrock hardboard. Tonight! Why not ask your husband to . . .

CHECK THESE MONEY-SAVING FEATURES

White-ant proofing is standard with Timbrock.

Easier to work. Splinterless and grainless. Use ordinary carpenters' tools.



Flexible. Bends around corners in modern fashion.

Finest paint surface. A glass-smooth pressurised finish that readily takes any type of paint.

6 inches wider than other hardboards—4' 6"—a money-saver for interiors, this width fits standard 18" studding without wasteful cutting.

Five lengths—5', 6', 7', 8', 14'. Handy short sizes available also.

Sold by hardware stores and timber merchants



Timbrock

... natural wood made better

Made by THE COLONIAL SUGAR REFINING CO. LTD.

Building Materials Division

Sydney, Newcastle, Wagga, Melbourne, Brisbane, Townsville, Adelaide, Perth

FAMOUS LAST WORDS



"You don't have to be too stingy with the slices — the butcher said it would serve eight easily."

MOTHER



"Are my children problem eaters? Goodness, yes. I can't get them to stop."

It seems to me

THE following advice to party cooks isn't mine. I read it in an English paper and pass it on with the intention of raising your eyebrows, too.

"Keep a pretty turban to wear while cooking," says the adviser. "Food's no perfume for the hair. Keep a Cologne-stick handy—a dab is cooling when you're hot from the stove. Keep a powder-cream foundation disc for quick make-up and repairs."

I assume one is meant to keep these things in the kitchen.

I will pass over the difficulty of ripping off a turban as well as an apron when you go to answer the doorbell. I will not bore you with the elaborate rearrangement necessary in my crowded kitchenette to accommodate a Cologne-stick and a make-up disc.

All I wish to mention is that a while ago I decided to keep near the sink a tube of lanolin for the hands.

Some time later, seeing a stack of new tubes that looked like toothpaste at the grocer's, I was attracted by the label "Caviar-oil"—as far as I could interpret the foreign language—and the price, 1/6.

It was quite good on biscuits.

But lanolin isn't.

TWO women friends of mine were discussing their domestic life the other day.

One, who has two children, stated that she never sat down to meals.

"I just can't get time," she said. "I give the children their food, and my husband his, and snatch mine standing up at the sink."

"Oh, but that's terrible," said the other. "The evening meal should be peaceful, if possible. I always make a point of having the table set before my husband comes home, and we at least sit down to have an argument."

BATTLING through Sydney's rainstorms last week I thought of the dictum of Mrs. Edna Woolman Chase, former editor of "Vogue."

Mrs. Chase recently published her autobiography, "Always in Vogue." (It was reviewed earlier this year in our paper by Helen Frizell.)

Having been associated for 60 years with one of the world's leading fashion magazines, Mrs. Chase naturally acquired firm views on clothes. As far back as 1937 she pronounced against the toe-peeper shoe for street wear, but admits regretfully that neither the shoe trade nor women ever took any notice of her.

With rivers running through my toes on the way home last week I felt that Mrs. Chase was right. Some people keep plastic shoe-covers and what not to provide for these emergencies, but I hate paraphernalia.

The best thing would be for the shoe designers to invent a sliding shutter on the toes. It shouldn't be beyond them.

By



Dorothy Drann

ACCORDING to a newspaper report some members of the Eighth Division would not attend the Cenotaph service and reunion in Sydney Town Hall on February 15, because they considered it an unsuitable day.

These men said that it was wrong to pick a day of disaster as a remembrance day.

Whether they are right about this I don't know. The day of the fall of Singapore is certainly the date that registers in the minds of all Australians with long enough

memories, but the critics have a case for their suggestion that August 15, Victory Day, is a better one to remember.

Anzac Day marks the landing at Gallipoli, not the evacuation, though there are a number of people who think that, even so, a military event which ended in failure has been a curious choice for one of Australia's chief commemorative days.

Among the people who feel thus is an elderly friend of mine, and he is even more vociferous about Australia Day.

"I hope," he says, "to live long enough to see a more suitable date chosen for our national day than that on which an unhappy band of convicts were set down in this country."

A better choice for Australia Day might have been the anniversary of Captain Cook's anchorage in Botany Bay—April 29, 1770. Admittedly, it falls close to Anzac Day, but that would not necessarily present an insuperable difficulty.

HOLLYWOOD'S Cecil B. DeMille, filming "The Ten Commandments," has promised an "improvement" in the story of Moses. He will present Moses as a "fiery warrior-prince of Egypt, who had a flaming love affair with the most exciting woman of his day."

Cecil B. deMille, ecstatic,
Visualised the life of Moses,
Using incidents dramatic
And some technicolored poses.

Ten Commandments, Red Sea drying . . .
All good stuff, but too familiar . . .
Cecil broods, then buzzes, crying
"Here's the gimmick, this'll killya!"

Calls his writers to a parley,
Says, "You know the one that oughter
Figure in the grand finale
Is this dance, this Pharaoh's daughter,

"Yeah, I know, I'm not pedantic.
Change her age. We're making pictures,
Gotta make them bright, romantic,
That's why scripters work on scriptures.

"Let her as a toddler find him,
Then, years later—save your blushes—
Have a tade out, light behind 'em,
In a clinch among the rushes."



It's here

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BABY
MAGAZINE FOR MOTHERS

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FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By KAY MELAUN

One of the points Frankie Laine makes in his advice to teenagers (on page 15) is that the road to an ambition is seldom a straight one. This has particular application to a girl who has written about her desperate wish to be a movie star.

IN general, of course, the advice applies to all ambitions, for few people walk straight in the door of their choice. The lesson is not "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," but "If one road seems blocked, make a detour, but keep going in the same direction."

Here is the girl's letter:

"I WANT to be a movie actress. I have never ever wanted to be anything else. I am 16, and have left school and work as a salesgirl. There are no drama schools round here, and I don't know what to do. I can't wait for years doing 'nothing' when I could be working at something in a film studio. I know there is a film studio in Australia, Pagewood in Sydney somewhere. Please, will you help me?"

"Film Star," Grafton, N.S.W.

You say you could be working at something in a film studio. At what "something"?

Can you type, write shorthand, keep books, work a switchboard, dress hair, or do any one of the hundred jobs

GUEST demonstrators at a special teenage cookery session at the Victorian Gas Company's showroom were junior culinary experts Marlis Hermans, 14, and Claude Gallizia, 19.

Claude took cooking lessons from her parents to fill in time when she arrived here with them from France three years ago.

"Mother is head of our kitchen during the week, but at week-ends Father takes over. He is a chef," Claude said.

She added, "I think the main difference between Australian cooking and French is that we use meat as a garnish for vegetables and you do it the other way round."

Marlis, who came here from Holland 18 months ago with her parents, gets dinner for the family before beginning her school homework.

"When we start with Australian food," she said, "we finish with Dutch, because Australian doesn't fill."



● Claude Gallizia (right) tries a Dutch pancake cooked by Marlis Hermans.

DEBBIE'S RECIPE

JELLY CAKES for Sunday's visitors are Debbie's choice this week. She uses a red and a green jelly to make them even more attractive.

JELLY CAKES

Four ounces butter or substitute, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup castor sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla, 2 eggs, 2 cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk, 1 pkt. raspberry and 1 pkt. lime jelly crystals, hot water, coconut, whipped or mock cream.

1. Beat butter or substitute with sugar and vanilla, until fluffy and creamy.
2. Add eggs one at a time; beat well after each addition.
3. Sift self-raising flour and salt twice.
4. Fold flour into creamed mixture alternately with milk.
5. Place a dessertspoonful at a time in greased patty-tins, making 24 to 27 little cakes.
6. Bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes.
7. Turn on to cake-cooler to cool.
8. Dissolve each jelly in $\frac{1}{2}$ cups hot water, leave to cool.
9. When jellies are just beginning to thicken, press a cake on to a fork, and dip it completely into red or green jelly.
10. Drop into dish of coconut and coat cake with coconut. Place on flat tray.
11. Continue until all cakes are coated, making half red and half green.
12. Chill in refrigerator 1 hour to firm jelly.
13. Serve cakes topped with small spoonful of cream or mock cream, or cut a slit in side of each and fill with cream.
14. Keep stored in cool place.

I WAS on the point of beginning by saying that "Music of Ravel" (CFR12-509) was a windfall for the newcomer to that composer since it has five works on the one microgroove record. But, on second thoughts, I must also recommend it to the collector who, like myself, has a stack of Ravel on 78s. Reluctantly, they must take second place to microgrooves.

THIS particular disc is a feast—"Bolero," "Alborada del Gracioso," "Pavane

DISC DIGEST

For A Dead Princess," "La Valse," and "Rhapsodie Espagnole." How's that for a dazzling line-up... the very essence of Ravel on a 12-inch vinylite disc. Rapturous, languorous, intoxicating are the words that spring to mind whenever I hear Ravel well played, but this new recording by the Orchestre Radio-Symphonique de Paris is enough to set one racing for Roget's Thesaurus.

LEAST of all I like "Bolero." Of the rest, it's hard to pick a favorite. I have heard "La Valse" played with more sensuousness, but "Alborada" is magnificent, and the "Pavane" is most gracefully and poignantly played. This disc is a panorama of Spain in music and worthy of any collection. Hi-fi cranks who don't care whether they hear Maurice Ravel or ragtime will want it just for the glorious sounds alone.

—BERNARD FLETCHER



LEFT: Big-time bandleader Ted Heath with his wife on the terrace of their London home. In the background are two of their children. Above: South African Dennis Lotis and Australian Kathy Lloyd, the two singers with Ted Heath's band, who will be touring Australia.

Heath's jazz "family" here soon

Early in March the famous Ted Heath Band, complete with its three star vocalists and its array of brass like the broadside view of a man-o'-war, will start to barnstorm Australia.

ITS boss, Ted Heath, an urbane, middle-aged man with a neat moustache and fastidious hands, has been the biggest noise in British jazz for most of these past ten years.

Heath rules his kingdom from headquarters in London's Mayfair, and has kept his crown by remaining a barnstormer—though on the massive scale—and by being, of his kind, a perfectionist. His musicians draw the fattest pay packets in Britain.

They tour Europe like one big happy family in Heath's own special luxury coach, which is fitted out with cocktail cabinet, wardrobe, aircraft lay-back seats and hot and cold running water.

Almost every night they perform the feat of stampeding an average 3000 people, in one English dance hall or another, who've flocked to listen to the thunder of his drums, the blast of his trumpets, and the honeyed voice of Australia's Kathy Lloyd.

The maestro has a success story to tell of such fairytale quality that it offers unfair competition to writers of fiction. In music, the rock bottom in fortune is surely reached when you're standing on the kerb, playing a trumpet, passing the hat round—and getting shifted on by commissionaires.

"I've done it," says Heath. "I was a busker. Not once, either. Several times."

Apart from Heath's own

wife, Moira, it was the late Glenn Miller who proved the most powerful influence on Ted Heath in evolving the kind of music that sells 20,000 discs a week in Britain alone.

Heath was an admirer of Miller, and they became friends during the war. In 1945 Ted Heath formed a new band composed of top, hand-picked musicians and borrowing freely from Miller's style. Heath also borrowed freely from the bank—a £750 overdraft.

"The venture nearly ruined me," he says. "I went jazz mad. I tried to be too clever and played complicated music which appealed only to expert musicians. The public just wasn't interested."

Within a year he was £7000 in debt. "I must have been crazy. There I was at middle-age, with excellent connections in the business in London, a married man with four

By
BILL STRUTTON,
of our London staff

children, my own car, house, and maid—and I decided to form a band to play a kind of music that had never been played in this country."

There's a song which looms large in Ted Heath's life. It's called, "That Lovely Week-end."

Heath's wife, Moira, was one of C. B. Cochran's famous chorus beauties. He was a widower bringing up his two boys when they met and married in 1933.

It has been one of those ideally happy marriages. It has also brought them four more children.

In between bombing raids during the war Ted and Moira snatched a few days' holiday rest in Brighton together. She had to return to London early. On his pillow she left a poem which began, "I haven't said thanks for that lovely week-end."

Heath set the poem to music, and under the title of the opening line it became a popular song.

Years later, floundering in the financial doldrums with his band, Heath was sitting in

his office with his head in his hands and thinking of disbanding his boys when a registered letter arrived.

He opened it, prepared for a solicitor's final notice. Out fell a royalties cheque for "That Lovely Week-end." Heath yipped and phoned all his creditors. "You can come round for your money," he yelled.

Heath is a strong character study, enigmatic yet decided, retiring yet something of an autocrat, generous with his pay and a miser with praise for his boys. He figures that, since he pays top fees for his musicians, he has a right to expect the best from them without resorting to flattery.

Yet through all his attitude runs a quiet and often mysterious humor. A trumpeter who fluffed a note during a difficult passage found the maestro suddenly beside him, all quietness and menace and finely barbed sarcasm. "May I hold your gloves?" Heath whispered.

Heath, now 52, reserves his demonstrativeness for home. He'll leave his band with a curt, "That'll do," and drive home, bursting in the front door in a state of wild excitement, exclaiming to Moira, "They played like angels!"

He positively basks in the devotion of his large and happy family. His main delight with his relatively sudden wealth is that he can now afford to spend his holidays on the French Riviera and take his wife to Royal Ascot.

During the last season he turned up resplendent in grey topper and morning suit, and was hailed by a group of men on the fringe of the crowd, rubbernecking over the enclosure.

Heath went over, shook hands delightedly, and swapped racing tips.

Said Moira, "He was so pleased they recognised him. They were buskers he knew when he played on the pavements."



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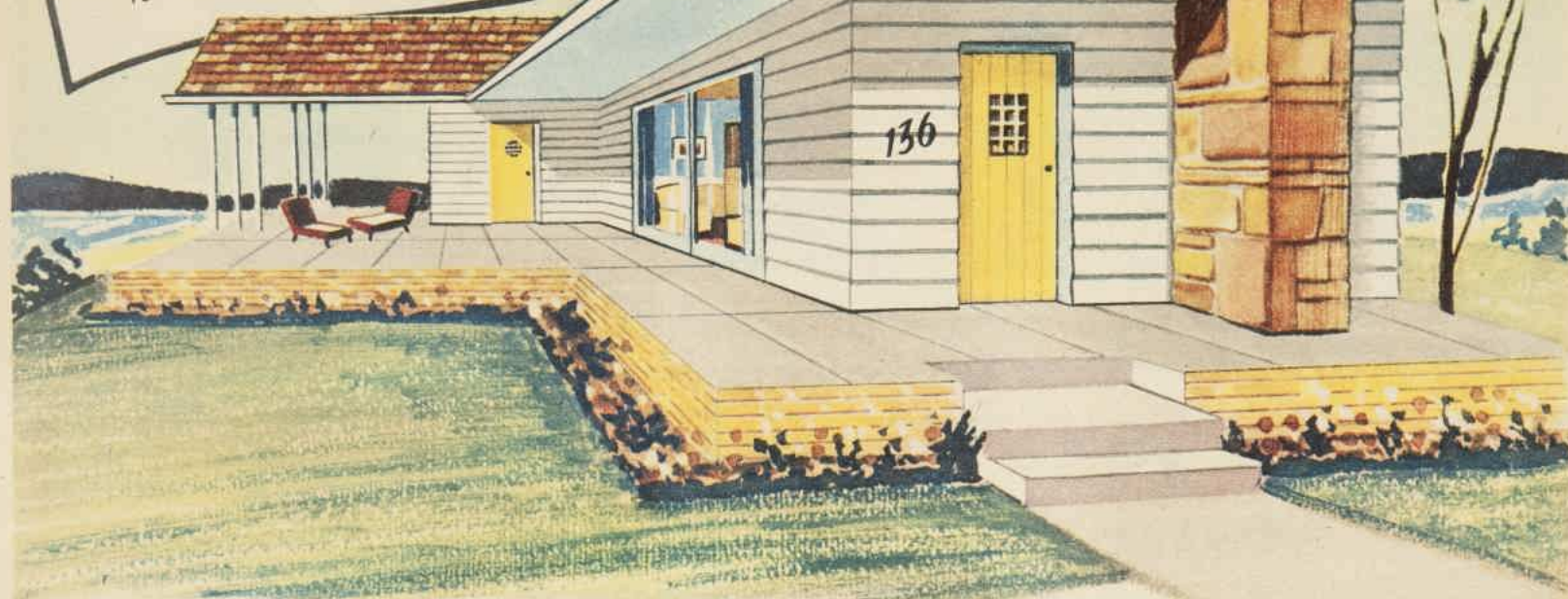
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SOCIETY WEDDING

MR. AND MRS. JOHN ATWILL leave St. Mark's, Darling Point, after their wedding, watched by five-year-old flower-girl Julia Gollan (left) and bridesmaid Jennifer Chapman (background). The bride was Sue Playfair, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Strath Playfair, of Woollahra. She was attended by Marcia Moses, Jennifer Chapman, Caroline Anderson, and two flower-girls, Celia Atwill and Julia Gollan. The bridegroom is the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Atwill, of The Astor, Macquarie Street. The day after the wedding Mr. and Mrs. Atwill left for a honeymoon cruise in Orion to the Pacific islands.

MUSICAL TELLS STORY OF FAMOUS



SIGMUND ROMBERG (Jose Ferrer), centre, interrupts a rehearsal of star Gaby Deslys (Tamara Toumanova), at left, to meet J. J. Shubert (Walter Pidgeon), at back, his manager, Paul Stewart, and Broadway stage star Dorothy Donnelly (Merle Oberon), right. Romberg is engaged on the spot to write Gaby's new show.



ANN MILLER (centre), as a raucous 1920 flapper, sings "It" in the show, "Artists and Models," another popular commercial success which helped to make the composer a prominent musical figure on Broadway. During the same period Sigmund Romberg wrote some of the most tuneful romantic music of his career.

● The sumptuous musical "Deep in My Heart" tells the story and the romantic music of Hungary, by Franz Lehár, who wrote the operettas "The Student Prince" and "The Merry Widow," as well as a wealth of other modern musicals. Ferrer in the central role, includes Merle Oberon and Paul Henreid. Metropolitan Opera star Nellie Melba also play leading roles. Top etc



GENE KELLY and his brother Fred make their first movie appearance with beauties in the film sequences of "Dancing Around," a Romberg production. The brothers sing "I Love To Go Swimmin' with Wimmin'." Like a film



ILLNESS of their friend and collaborator, beautiful Dorothy Donnelly, the happiness of Romberg, his wife, Lillian (Doe Avedon), second left, and her collaborating on "The Student Prince" and "My Maryland," Dorothy

COMPOSER

"Lead" (Metro) spotlights the personal life of the born composer Sigmund Romberg, in the new musical hit, "Blossom Time," and "The Desert Song." The film cast, headed by Jose Greco, Helen Traubel and ballerina Tamara Toussaint, appear as guest artists.



appearance together with a team of technicolor bathing beauties in the new musical hit. In this specialty act the Kelly family, including film-star brother, Fred Kelly is a talented dancer.



Annally (Merle Oberon), on sofa, shadows the life of the composer Sigmund Romberg, left. After collaboration with the composer, Romberg have little time together.



GUEST STARS Jane Powell and Vic Damone sing "Will You Remember?" the haunting love song from the operetta "Maytime," as well as the ballad "Road to Paradise." "Maytime" is one of the greatest Romberg hits. In all, 22 songs, with music from 11 operettas, are heard in "Deep in My Heart." All of Metro's 28 sound stages were used to film dramatic and musical sequences.

"Far whiter than
last week Look!
Mum's just tried PERSIL!"



"Trust the teenagers of
to-day to teach their mothers
a trick or two," says Mrs. V. M.
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schoolfriends' blouses were whiter than hers
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Motherhood occupies top film stars

From LONDON
and HOLLYWOOD

1955 looks like becoming known as
"maternity year" in films. Portents of this
are already running the rounds. Fabulous
Gina Lollobrigida, reigning queen of the
European screen, is expecting a baby.

Preparations for this will be
in expert hands. Gina's hus-
band, Milo Skofic, now her
manager, is also a doctor.
They both are hoping for a
girl.

Till now Lollobrigida has
confessed herself too busy to
think of having a family. She
has just returned from a
triumphal world tour as un-
official ambassador for Italy.

Audrey Hepburn is also re-
portedly busy clacking knit-
ting needles. But she and
husband Mel Ferrer are keep-
ing it dark. Frail little Pier
Angeli has sent a message to
her friends in Rome which
set them buzzing with excite-
ment. It is that motherhood
may cancel her plans to film
in Rome in April—but that
instead she will be going
home to Italy in summer with
husband Vic Damone to have
her baby there.

FRANCE'S golden boy,
handsome Jacques Ser-
nas, has become Jack Sernas
for all future American
movies. Jack is under con-
tract to Warners, who signed
him up after he appeared in
"Helen of Troy," which was
filmed in Italy. Currently
Jack is awaiting confirmation
of a quota number from the
U.S. Immigration Depart-
ment before returning to the
Continent for a visit because
he "wants to make sure he can
get back to Hollywood."

JOSEPH COTTEN is hav-
ing a "European loaf." He
has just finished making "The
Baby Affair" in Germany, and
is now stoozing through Spain
by car in easy stages. Says
Joe, "There is not a film in
sight. It's wonderful!"

NICHOLAS MONSARRAT,
the man who wrote "The
Cruel Sea," is due in London
to attend the premiere of the
new film, "The Ship That
Died of Shame," which is
based on one of his short
stories. The personable author
and his family now reside
permanently in Canada.



ACTRESS Ava Gardner tries on the new bottle-green uniform
of the Women's Royal Army Corps with the help of officers
and cadets at a training school in Surrey. Ava wears the
outfit in Hollywood's British-made film, "Bhowani Junction."

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★ Destry

THERE is a family con-
nection between
"Destry," an exceedingly
mild outdoor saga, and
that prince of Western
stories, "Destry Rides
Again," in which James
Stewart and Marlene
Dietrich starred in 1939.

In the present film Audie
Murphy moves slowly through
pioneer adventure as the son
of the original Destry, and al-
though he doesn't cut anything
like the splendid figure his dad
did, it's fairly safe to bet that
Audie's young fans will vote
him a satisfactory hero.

Wisely, Universal have
allowed Audie to remain shy
and boyish in his playing of
Destry. That should please
the girls. They have also
given him a role in which per-
sonal courage is the keynote,
which should go down well
with the boys.

The story deals roughly with
Tom Destry's exploits when
he attempts to clean up the
rip-snorting frontier town of
Restful with mild words in-
stead of gunplay.

His main troubles stem
from smirking Lyle Bettger,
the town's crooked gambler

and owner of the saloon where
flamboyant Mari Blanchard
(playing the Dietrich role)
high kicks nightly and enter-
tains the cash customers with
throaty songs.

Eventually Destry has to
buckle on his father's gun-belt
and unlimber his six-shooter
to end the picture on the
proper note.

Those two seasoned old
campaigners Thomas Mitchell
and Edgar Buchanan pull
their weight as a couple of
early characters.

In Sydney—Capitol.

★ Gambler from Natchez

SET in the ripe old days
of the Deep South
when gentlemen played
cards for high stakes and
picked up duelling
weapons at the drop of a
word, "Gambler from
Natchez" is an artless film
and not at all bad enter-
tainment.

Purporting to show life as
it was lived in New Orleans
round about 1850, and
photographed in technicolor,
the Fox production has a
pretty over-trimmed period
look.

The story tells how a vir-
tuous gambler (Dale Robert-

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average
or not yet reviewed.

son) settles the score with
three aristocratic heels who
murdered his father during
his own absence on active ser-
vice.

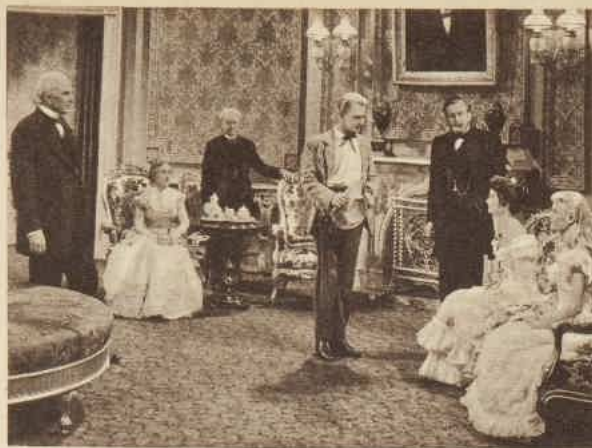
The enterprising young
man employs cards, pistols,
and duelling rapiers to ac-
complish this mission of ven-
geance, and still manages to
come out on the right side
of the law.

As the hero of these en-
counters Dale Robertson is
not nearly as dashing as he
might be, but he looks attrac-
tive and acquits himself well
in all the action scenes.

Romance comes to Mr.
Robertson in two styles—
high-spirited in the person of
tomboyish river-boat girl
Debra Paget, and genteel in
an insipid blonde aristocrat
of the territory.

The performer who fares
worst in "Natchez" is Kevin
McCarthy (one of the two
sons of Willie Loman in
"Death of a Salesman"), here
playing an aristocrat who is
clearly up to no good from
the outset.

In Sydney—Palace.



1. VISITING Washington, Indian fighter Johnny MacKay (Alan Ladd), centre, meets Nancy (Audrey Dalton), right. There Johnny is appointed to negotiate peace without the use of arms.



2. TRAVELLING west together, Nancy and Johnny are in a Modoc attack, but escape. On arrival at her destination, Nancy finds her people have been killed by the Indians.



3. FRIENDLY Modocs assembled at nearby Fort Klamath for a palaver include Manok (Tony Caruso), brother of Toby (Marisa Pavan), centre, who loves Johnny.

DRUM BEAT

★ Filmed in CinemaScope and Warner-color, "Drum Beat" is a period Western based on fact with fictional trimmings.

The story concerns early clashes between Modoc Indians in northern California and pioneer settlers. Led by an eccentric who wears stolen U.S. Army uniforms and affects the military title Captain Jack, tribesmen keep the frontier ablaze with revolt.

Indian-wise scout Alan Ladd quells the culprits.



4. POW-WOW between Johnny and sly Capt. Jack (Charles Bronson), right, results in fresh killings after Johnny tells the chief to get out of the valley and back to his own lands.



5. SCOUTING near Indian stronghold, Johnny traps a renegade squaw man smuggling arms to the Indians. Later Toby saves Johnny's life, but loses her own when he walks into an Indian trap.



6. FREED of his no-force pledge, Johnny is authorised by desperate leaders to form a volunteer company to capture Capt. Jack. He is accompanied by Manok at the head of the men.



7. HAND-TO-HAND encounter in which Johnny and Capt Jack fight with fists, guns, and knives ends in outlaw's capture. The others wipe out Indian stronghold.



8. ENTERING the fort leading Capt. Jack's horse as the commander calls his troops to attention, Johnny hands the prisoner over to the Army as Nancy, who has promised to wait, watches proudly from the sidelines.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - March 2, 1955

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Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

| | | | | | |
|--|---|--|--|---|--|
| ARIES The Ram MARCH 21—APRIL 20 | ★ Lucky number this week 6. Best days March 4 and 5. Wear pale pastel blue, with delicate pink accessories, to enhance your magnetism and charm. | ★ A share in some business of a confidential nature, inside information, which must not be allowed to leak out, could be an important factor in your work. | ★ Circumstances tend towards minor accidents around the home, or there is the possibility of loss of money or articles of value. Be sure you lock up before going out. | ★ Temporary separations, caused by business affairs, may be the occasion of much correspondence. Since absence makes the heart grow fonder, reunions are joyous. | ★ Seeing more of a small number of intimate friends than going out among many casual acquaintances you are likely to make changes in your social life. |
| TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21—MAY 20 | ★ Lucky number this week 4. Best days March 1 and 5. Bright colors, bold designs of the giraffe type, make a brilliant effect at beach or picnic. | ★ Some changes in regard to the daily routine may bring you more in contact with the public or you may be obliged to go on many errands with a goal in view. | ★ Holiday travel may take you away from home or you may be so much occupied elsewhere that your home is in danger of becoming merely a place to sleep. | ★ You and one you love are likely to be concerned with sporting interests. If you enter competitions you have good prospects of carrying off a prize. | ★ Differences of opinion may lead to a split in some organisation to which you belong. Great tact and patience will be required if you are to act as peacemaker. |
| GEMINI The Twins MAY 21—JUNE 21 | ★ Lucky number this week 7. Best days are March 2 and 5. Combine several delicate shades in a rainbow effect for business or social success. | ★ Finding yourself overloaded you could be forced to decide which of two possibilities matters most, and then scrap the less attractive proposition. | ★ Your affairs will keep you out among people, and you may contemplate removal to another locality which would be closer to the centre of your interests. | ★ You and your boy-friend or girl-friend or the marriage partner are likely to join a group of congenial people with interests similar to your own. | ★ People look to you to give them a lead, and no matter what you do a certain amount of criticism is inevitable. Intense activity can become rather exhausting. |
| CANCER The Crab JUNE 22—JULY 22 | ★ Lucky number this week 2. Best days are March 2 and 7. Off white, sunburned straw color, or string shades will bring enjoyable outings. | ★ Correspondence, extra paper work of some sort, is in danger of becoming a burden when you would prefer other sides of your occupation. This is temporary. | ★ Either you or a member of the household is likely to enter upon a course of study, either for career reasons or in the pursuit of an art and crafts hobby. | ★ Love affairs may take a serious turn; you spend much thought on long-term plans for the future. This could mean some sacrifices at the present time. | ★ Should you join a class to acquire a new skill, friends may be found among those starting the same activity. This could mean working together, also sociability. |
| LEO The Lion JULY 23—AUGUST 22 | ★ Lucky number this week 5. Best days are March 1 and 5. Hydrangea-blue, pale mauve, will help in gaining the admiration of the opposite sex. | ★ Hurt feelings, injured pride, may cause you to flare up and resign from work you normally enjoy. Conditions may be difficult, but think before you act. | ★ A disappointment, which may have been experienced recently, should be accepted philosophically. If your idea had panned out you would have discovered drawbacks. | ★ You may be reconciled with one who masters a great deal after an emotional storm has taken place. Understanding should be deeper and there is more happiness. | ★ Much of your social effort is likely to revolve around people with whom you are employed, or in connection with committees on which you serve. |
| VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23—SEPTEMBER 23 | ★ Lucky number this week 3. Best days are March 1 and 5. Hydrangea-blue, pale mauve, will help in gaining the admiration of the opposite sex. | ★ Along with workmates you may join in a protest to the boss or someone in authority. This is likely to bear fruit in a mutually satisfactory compromise shortly. | ★ Particularly harmonious domestic relationships favor a united family effort in some direction. Entertaining in connection with an engagement likely. | ★ A fine week for middle-aged lovers, those facing a Second Spring. If married for a number of years you may renew your romance in an unexpected way. | ★ There is the strong possibility of being invited to an engagement party, 21st birthday, or a wedding anniversary. Romance and celebration are in the air for you. |
| LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 23 | ★ Lucky number this week 4. Best days are March 2 and 6. Any print in geometric or amusing modern design which contains blue will be lucky. | ★ More to do than you can handle, but you're in top gear and going flat-out. Money, savings, general financial basis is on the up-grade, so you're content. | ★ A part-time job, or voluntary work, may take you away from home more than usual, letting the place run itself. The change would be beneficial. | ★ Your beloved may have a minor illness. This gives you the opportunity to express your sympathy and provide many little attentions drawing you together. | ★ Very little time may be available for purely social activity and you are more likely to attend places of amusement where you are a spectator than to be active. |
| SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 22 | ★ Lucky number this week 2. Best days are March 1 and 5. Wear white accessories if you're in love. Your beloved will respond to them. | ★ There's an element of luck in connection with your job. A resignation, or shift in staff, may put you in a position which holds attractive prospects. | ★ A children's party, if you're a parent, may be the main feature of the week. Otherwise teenagers stage a new stunt. If older, a lucky break in regard to property. | ★ If eligible an offer of marriage is looming on the horizon. If very young your first love affair will turn life into a garden of roses for you. | ★ Popularity quotient is high, so take every advantage of invitations now. You may gain through information heard at a gathering of friends if you listen carefully. |
| SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 22 | ★ Lucky number this week 8. Best days are March 4 and 7. Wear black-and-white or charcoal-grey with a lavender scarf or ornament for good fortune. | ★ If a housewife you're busy on a scheme of your own. Personal effort could save you money, and you could have fun while you're working at it. | ★ If house hunting, you may find a very thing for which you are looking. If you are in the midst of alterations or improvements you'll be pleased with results. | ★ A new and interesting personality may capture your imagination. You are likely to meet him or her in your own home or in the close neighborhood. | ★ One or two special friends may pay surprise visits, but you are unlikely to engage in entertaining or hectic social rounds. You may prefer just the family. |
| CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 23—JANUARY 19 | ★ Lucky number this week 9. Best days are March 2 and 4. Lipstick-red, a red hat, or handkerchief will lead to good news which you are expecting. | ★ Interviews may lead to important results. Seeing people personally could be more effective than writing. The job hunter should be successful in finding a niche. | ★ The purchase of a labor-saving device may be the subject of much discussion in the household and involve the seeking of information or visiting shops. | ★ Attempts to find a mutual acquaintance to introduce you to someone who has attracted your attention may prove difficult, but will be successful if you persevere. | ★ Screwing your courage up you may come to a decision and make an announcement of some importance, both to you and to friends and associates. |
| AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19 | ★ Lucky number this week 1. Wood-brown, all prints containing browns, tawns, or golden shades will help the bargain hunter or the inventor. | ★ Check up on your assets and liabilities. You may discover some you have overlooked or some which can be turned to good advantage if you have imagination. | ★ If you own a vacant block you may sell at a profit or you may buy into a new district for investment. Otherwise, a family savings campaign. | ★ This week soft pedals romance. You and the one you love may assume a matter-of-fact attitude that takes each other for granted; it's nothing to worry about. | ★ A certain danger that people may be cultivating you chiefly for what they can get out of you should be a warning against excessive flattery. |
| PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20 | ★ Lucky number this week 6. Best days are March 3 and 7. Navy, junior navy, trimmed with white, will help you to advance your interests in any direction. | ★ Any changes made now in career matters will influence your affairs for a long time to come, so look before you leap. Extra training could be worth-while. | ★ You are more likely to spend time on your wardrobe than on your home. A refurbishing of present possessions may be aided by satisfactory purchases. | ★ Love affairs flourish at present, particularly if you have been uncertain about your own feelings and now settle them on one individual. Fine for older folk. | ★ Launching a pet project, trying to gain the support of those who know you, can be fun. Don't be discouraged if you find the going uphill for the present. |

TWO UNUSUAL CHEESE RECIPES

from the recent £1,450 KRAFT RECIPE CONTEST (Section 2)



"There are so many delicious ways of using Kraft Cheddar", says Elizabeth Cooke, Kraft Cookery and Nutrition Expert.

"From hot and tasty main dishes to fancy cheese cakes . . . for sandwiches, salads, savouries and snacks of all kinds . . . Kraft Cheddar is always delicious . . . always so nourishing. Here are two of the many unusual prize-winning recipes . . ."

CHOCOLATE PARTY FUDGE

Ingredients: 2 cups sifted icing sugar; 3 oz. Kraft Cheddar; 5 dessertspoons cocoa; 1 oz. butter or margarine; ¼ teaspoon vanilla essence; ½ cup chopped walnuts or almonds.
Method: Sift icing sugar and cocoa. Beat into cheese and butter until smooth. Add vanilla and nuts. Mix until well blended. Press into a greased shallow tray and leave in refrigerator until firm, about half an hour. Cut into squares—makes approximately 25 squares.

PHILADELPHIA SPICE CAKE WITH CHEESE FROSTING

Ingredients: 8 oz. S.R. flour; 1 cup sugar; 1 teaspoon cinnamon; ½ teaspoon nutmeg; ½ teaspoon cloves; ¼ lb. butter or margarine; 4 eggs; 2 level tablespoons treacle; 1 teaspoon grated orange rind; 2 teaspoons orange juice; ¾ cup cold water; ½ teaspoon cream of tartar.

Method: Sift the flour, add sugar, cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg together in a bowl. Make a well, add in order melted butter, egg yolks, treacle, water, orange rind and juice, beat till smooth. Add the cream of tartar to egg whites and beat till stiff. Pour the egg yolk mixture gradually over the egg whites, just fold in carefully—do not stir. Pour immediately into 2 greased 8" sandwich tins. Bake in a moderate oven (350°) for 30-40 minutes.

FROSTING FOR PHILADELPHIA SPICE CAKE

Ingredients: 8 ozs. Kraft Cheddar; ¼ cup golden syrup; 4 level cups sifted icing sugar.

Method: Roughly grate 8 ozs. Kraft Cheddar into saucepan. Warm over low heat until soft and pliable, working with back of spoon all the time. Remove from heat and gradually add ¼ cup golden syrup, working it into cheese with spoon. Add 4 level cups sifted icing sugar gradually, blending it in well. This quantity is sufficient to fill and ice cake.

5 GOOD REASONS WHY KRAFT CHEDDAR IS BEST CHEESE VALUE!



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KC52

climbed into the bottom bunk of the adjoining cabin and switched off the light. He heard the rattle of the anchor coming up and then the throb of the engines. Above him, chains crashed on the deck. He tried to run his mental film of the past two weeks, but instead he found himself visualising Number One's dismal return to Bella's boarding-house.

Perhaps she would greet him on the doorstep, her arms akimbo, her eyes flashing with the light of battle. Probably she would take him back, but from now on he would be more of a slave than ever without even the consolation of an alligator to scrub. The chances were that Daisy would be dead by now and the first task he might be given would be to dispose of his pet's body.

As the ship began to roll, Peter fell asleep. His dreams were nightmarish: he was swimming in a rough sea, pursued by an immense alligator who was slowly but surely catching up on him.

He awoke with a start to find the cabin light on. The ship was groaning and creaking but he hardly noticed the storm, for, as he instinctively struggled into a sitting position, his whole attention became riveted on the girl who stood in the doorway, and he let out a little gasp of amazement.

She was beautiful. Her face was fine-boned and highly intelligent, with laughing eyes, and her wavy hair was shot through with amber lights. Gazing down at him, her expression was one of complete serenity, and that was the more remarkable, for in her arms she held a small alligator, looking equally serene and happy. It was about three feet long and had a silk bow tied round its neck.

"I'm very sorry to wake you up," said the girl in a soft Irish brogue, "but you've left your pet in my cabin."

A moment or two passed before Peter could find his voice, then he said croakingly, "I think there must be some mistake. That is not my pet."

"Sure, but it must be!" the girl retorted, a suspicion of a smile hovering round the corners of her mouth. "Where shall I put her? At the bottom of your bunk?" She took a step towards him and instinctively he clutched at the bed-clothes, drawing them up to his chin.

"No, no!" he said hastily. "I've got a thing about reptiles—they scare the life out of me."

"Then where would you like her put?"

"Overboard!"

"Ah, no, that would be too cruel!" She looked down at the reptile and stroked its head. "She really is a very nice alligator. I gather her name is Daisy."

Peter took a deep breath and tried to steel his shaken nerves. "Look," he said, "let's get this straight. Daisy does not belong to me. She belongs to a drunken retired sailor who for a very short while shared the next cabin with me. I—I had no idea she was in there, too."

"Yes," the steward told me all about you and him being in there when I asked if there was a spare cabin after supper. Daisy woke me up when she crawled out from underneath the bottom bunk and began to cry."

The only thing which Peter could think of to say was, "I thought only crocodiles cried."

"Alligators hiss plaintively," answered the girl sweetly. "It's the same thing."

He took out his handkerchief and wiped the cold sweat from his forehead.

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Continuing

"Well, now," said the girl, "you must decide what you want done with her. I really can't look after someone else's alligator all night, and besides I want some sleep; she's bound to be a wee bit restive until she settles down with you."

"She's not going to have any opportunity of settling down with me," he said firmly. "We'll ring for the steward and I'll ask him to take charge of her."

"Ah, sure, that's very unnecessary! Besides, he'll want an awful big tip for looking after her."

That observation found its mark. Peter racked his brains desperately to think of some other solution.

"She's getting rather heavy," said the girl. "I must put her down; I don't suppose she'll move if you turn off the light!"

She carefully deposited the alligator in a corner of the cabin. As she withdrew her hand very quickly from behind its neck, it turned and snapped, its fangs missing her fingers by a fraction of an inch.

"Good gracious, you might have lost your hand!" exclaimed Peter shakily.

"Poor thing, she's a little bewildered," answered the girl. "Until she gets used to you, it would be a good thing if you put a cloth or a face-flannel over her head when you pick her up or put her down. Then she won't bite, provided you remember to seize her firmly by the neck. Soon that won't be necessary, but just to begin with don't take chances. Oh, and one other thing—don't feed her by hand."

"I shan't feed her at all."

"Sure, I don't believe you're such a heartless person as you're making me think you are!" The girl took a sheet of crumpled paper out of her dressing-gown pocket and handed it to him.

"I found this tied to her neck."

Peter read the scrawled note: "Dear Mr. Weston—I've had to go back. What you said about Bella and her rhinestone gown went through me like a knife. But you'll understand I can't take Daisy with me and I've come to the conclusion that the only thing to do is to make a clean break with her. So here she is. She's yours for keeps. You didn't notice her when you and I were in the cabin together, nor did anyone else see her, as I brought her on to the ship wrapped in my coat, but while you were unpacking and your back was turned I saw her pop her head out from beneath your bunk and I could tell she'd taken a real fancy to you. I know she's going to be a great pal. —Yours broken-heartedly, Number One."

"P.S.—Daisy's not difficult about her food. What she likes best are a few nice trout. She also likes salmon, liver, and kidneys. No salt-water fish, of course!"

Peter gave a little groan. "What do I do about this?"

"There isn't much you can do," answered the girl. "You must face the fact that you now own an alligator." She moved to the door, then turned and gave Peter a smile which momentarily made him forget Daisy, for it was like a ray of sunshine which went straight to his heart.

"It's a wonder you didn't raise the ship when you found that thing," he muttered.

"Now, why should I be doing that?" she asked innocently. "I like alligators and I'm very sorry for Daisy, who's lonely and confused just at present."

"You seem to know quite a lot about them."

"A little. Let's meet for

breakfast and then we'll talk about this one."

"That's a very good idea."

"What's your name?"

"Moira O'Shannon."

"Mine's Peter Weston."

"Now you promise me you won't get rid of Daisy?"

"I certainly shall!"

"I mean not tonight!"

He hesitated, and then, uncertain that he was not still dreaming, nodded. "Okay. I promise."

"Good-night and pleasant dreams." She smiled again and the door closed behind her.

As if under a spell, Peter's eyes turned to Daisy, who lay rigid in the corner. Her long, golden-brown tail, which was striped with broad black bands, was curled round one of his shoes. She held her head very erect and looked like a miniature dragon, except that there was no smoke issuing from her nose. She seemed to be staring at him with an expression of such intense malevolence that he felt all the evil in the world must be locked up in her spade-shaped head.

Despite a feeling of nausea, he leant over the side of the bed and forced himself to look at her more closely. Her eyes were a cruel, stony green, slit down the centres by gleaming



black daggers; her white, needle-like teeth made a jagged fringe along her lower jaw; her body was like a newly sawn pine log, flecked with jet and poison-green.

Then, as he was staring at her, she suddenly closed her eyes, and her head dropped down between her front paws, which were five-fingered and roughly the same shape as human hands. He gave a little sigh of relief.

If he had taken the Irish girl's advice and turned off the light, Daisy would probably have been content to remain in the corner, but unfortunately his fear of the alligator was so great that he had not the courage to spend several hours with her in total darkness. He planned to spend the remainder of the night awake, keeping his eyes glued on her, but before long his head began to nod and eventually he fell asleep.

He awoke to find the cabin-steward gently shaking his shoulder.

"Morning, sir. Nice cup of tea?"

"Oh, thanks," he muttered sleepily, then, with a jolt, all his senses returned to him and he saw that Daisy was no longer in her corner.

"Where is she?" he croaked, staring round the cabin.

"Where's who, sir?"

"The alligator—someone brought one in here during the middle of the night."

The steward gave him a knowing look.

from page 9

"If I were you, sir, I'd drink up this nice cup of tea. It'll make you feel much better."

"No, there really is an alligator somewhere in the cabin," he protested. "The wretched thing must have crawled under the bunk. Have a look!"

The steward, deciding to humor him, bent down and peered beneath the bunk.

"There's no alligator there, sir," he said soothingly. "And now, if you don't mind, I've other passengers to attend to. First breakfast is in twenty minutes time." He left the cabin.

As he sipped his tea, Peter wondered whether he really had dreamt about the girl coming in with Daisy. Then he remembered Number One's note, which was still tucked in the pocket of his pyjama jacket. He decided the only possible solution to Daisy's disappearance was that the girl could not have shut the cabin door properly when she went out and that it had subsequently blown open; evidently Daisy had decided to explore the ship and perhaps had found her way into someone else's cabin.

He got out of bed and stretched himself. He felt quite

"You've thrown her overboard!" Her voice was sharp and accusing.

"No, I haven't!" he protested. "All I can tell you is that when I was woken up by the steward this morning she'd vanished."

"Now, that's very strange! She couldn't possibly have got out of the cabin."

"I wondered if you'd shut the door properly."

"Sure, I did! We'll go down to your cabin and have another look."

"I promise you she's not there!"

"Och, man, she must be!"

He followed her down to the cabin. Flipping open the door, he said sulkily, "You see—there's no sign of her."

She took one glance round the cabin and pointed to his canvas bag lying half open on the floor.

"Now, tell me, have you looked in there?"

"Of course I haven't! For heaven's sake, the wretched creature wouldn't have had the cheek to—!" He broke off as the girl bent down and pulled back the zip-fastener to its full extent. At the bottom of the grip, Daisy lay curled up asleep on one of his shirts. He stared at the reptile in thunderstruck silence.

"Isn't she sweet?" Moira's expression was as tender as though she was looking at a sleeping baby.

"I'm going to call the steward," he said thickly. "This really is the limit!"

"Alligators have a habit of finding their way into unexpected places. You'll soon get used to this sort of thing happening." She touched his arm. "Come and have breakfast."

"I don't think I can eat any now. Look here, don't you understand? Haven't I made it clear? I think alligators are quite disgusting and horrible."

At this moment, Daisy raised her head and opened one eye. Peter took a step backwards.

"Poor little thing!" said Moira softly. "It's not her fault she's here. The proper place for her is a nice warm bath or a pool. I just don't understand how that man could have left her to the mercy of a brute like you."

"All right, I'm a brute!" he exclaimed angrily. "But I can promise you I'm not taking her ashore. If necessary, I shall fling the bag overboard myself."

"Come and have breakfast," she repeated gently. "You'll feel quite different after a nice cup of coffee."

Scowling, he followed her out of the cabin. They went up to the dining-saloon and sat down at a corner table. After ordering their meal, they did not speak for some minutes. Peter was still fuming with anger.

At last, Moira said, "I'm sorry for calling you a brute. I suppose it must be rather a shock to be landed with an alligator."

"That's putting it mildly!" he exclaimed. Then his sense of humor came to the rescue and he managed to smile. "I've never met another girl who's fond of alligators. Won't you tell me about yourself?"

"What do you want to know?"

"Oh—where do you live? What do you do?"

"I work in London but my home's in Cairo. I've been there for three weeks' holiday and now I'm going back to my job. I'm a research worker."

"What sort of research?"

"Ecology."

"I'm afraid that doesn't mean much to me."

"It's a branch of biology. At the Slaney Research Foundation, where I work, we study the social habits of various creatures and try to find out how

much intelligence they have and how their minds work and things like that. It's fascinating!"

"I suppose that's how you came to know something about alligators?"

She nodded. "I was working for a month with a pair of Mississippi alligators—they were very co-operative."

"But what's the point of ecology?"

"Often there's no point at all."

He smiled. "That sounds very Irish!"

"You see, it's 'pure research'."

"It sounds dangerous research to me."

"Oh, no, not often. But our work can be really exciting when we find that a creature is tackling a situation in a much more effective way than humans would."

"But how do you create the situation?"

"Well, now, one way is to make a kind of obstacle course to the creature's food, then we watch the way he overcomes the various obstacles. But sometimes that isn't necessary—particularly with insects. Before I went on holiday, I was studying a whole colony of Sauba ants and after a few days I was quite convinced their traffic management was far better than anything we've got. Professor O'Hara—he's my boss—sent my report to the Minister for Transport with a memorandum saying it held the solution to London's traffic congestions."

"Will you be going back to the ants?"

"I don't think so. I've an idea the Professor is switching me to vampire bats from the Amazon. There's one kind which have the best radar system in the world and we may be able to give some advice to the Air Ministry."

"But what can one learn from alligators?"

For a moment, she eyed him with ironic amusement.

"You'd learn a lot from Daisy." She abruptly changed the subject. "What do you do?"

"I'm a composer," he answered.

"Jazz?"

He winced. "No! I'm a serious composer."

"I don't know much about serious music. I like simple tunes."

"I don't make a living composing music," he admitted.

"But one day I hope to."

"Do you live in London, too?"

she asked him.

"Yes. Will you let me give you a lift there in my car?"

"I've got a rail ticket," she said uncertainly.

"You can get the money back at the booking office," he told her.

She hesitated. "It's very kind of you—"

"Oh, come along!" he said.

She glanced at him quickly.

"Will you take Daisy, too?"

"No!"

"Then what are you going to do about her?"

"I suppose I'd better go along to the purser and tell him what's happened."

"But she's still your alligator. Listen, if you'll take her to London, I'll come with you."

He hesitated. As the girl seemed so fond of alligators, the chances were that she would accept this one as a gift without very much persuasion; it would get him out of a very awkward situation.

"All right," he said shortly.

Peter hoped that Daisy might not be allowed through the Customs, but no such luck.

"Anything to declare?" asked the Customs official, eyeing his canvas bag and two suitcases.

"Yes, an alligator," he answered firmly, pushing the bag forward.

The officer smiled tolerantly

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**SECTION 2, GROUP 2
(SKIRTS)**

Leroy manufacturing Co. Ltd., Melbourne, styled this winning evening skirt in shadow checked grey, black and white fleecy wool. The large checks are emphasized cleverly with brilliants, centres by large sapphire blue stones.



**SECTION 4, GROUP 1
(EVENING WEAR)**

American Fashions, Sydney, won first place for this sleek evening gown of "Janilaine" black wool jersey. Perfect for a very important occasion, it's lavishly embroidered with glittering black sequins.



**SECTION II, GROUP I
(CASUAL WEAR)**

Patross Knitting Mills Pty. Ltd., Melbourne, styled these winning party-time Separates in soft black wool jersey. The skirt falls in elegant impressed pleats, the boat-necked top introduces a new note with buckles at shoulders, diamante studs.

Australian Wool Fashion Awards 1955



**SECTION 4, GROUP 2
(EVENING WEAR)**

Sherland Mills Pty. Ltd., Melbourne, triumphed in this section with this glamorous, glittering Evening Jacket in fine white wool. It has all-over embroidery of diamantes, white beads, pearl drops!

A Judging Panel of fashion experts enthusiastically awarded first place to these "Glamour-After-Dark" fashions in their sections of the Australian Wool Fashion Award 1955.

WOOL MAKES THE FASHION for every occasion! No other fabric is so versatile... drapes with such elegant ease, holds such perfect shape. Wool is the keynote of fine Australian fashion.

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If you see a garment bearing this swing-tag you will know that it is a first-prize winner in the Australian Wool Fashion Award. Watch for it when shopping for the top fashions of the season... it's your assurance of fine styling finish and value!



See next week's Women's Weekly for further winning fashions in the Australian Wool Fashion Award 1955.

FASHION NOTE



Lovely Jeanette Elphick models next season's fashions six to nine months before release. Like many other famous models she finds the work most exacting—but most interesting. One of the many things a top model has to pay special attention to is her hair. But this is no problem for Jeanette, who says: "Every weekend without fail I shampoo my hair. I use Vaseline Liquid Shampoo, because it's so wonderfully foamy and cleansing—leaves my hair soft and fresh." Next weekend try "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo. Feel how quickly it rinses out the dirt. See for yourself why Jeanette Elphick and other famous models choose "Vaseline" Liquid Shampoo.

PHILIPS



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 2, 1955

DRESS SENSE

● This party ballerina is made in silk taffeta and designed with the new long torso line plus a crisp skirt.

THE party season must be nearly here, judging by the many requests in my fashion mail for designs for gala frocks.

Here is a typical letter, and my reply:

"I WOULD like a style for a ballerina designed in taffeta and featuring the new season's long torso line. I want the frock to be sophisticated, but I always wear a little sleeve or some sort of shoulder covering. Could you cut me a paper pattern in size 36in. bust for the design? I sew but cannot draft a pattern."

The design I have chosen for your taffeta ballerina is illustrated at right. The silhouette of the dress has the autumn H-line in a modified form. I do hope you will like it sufficiently well to copy. A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. See caption under the sketch for further details, and how to order.

"PLEASE help me in planning my new winter outfit. I have enough navy tweed with a red fleck for a full-length coat and narrow skirt, but don't know if this idea would be fashionable."

The type of ensemble you are considering is already established as a smart and practical winter fashion. Numbers of full-length coats are co-ordinated with a slender dress, or a blouse and skirt. The blouse can match or contrast. It would be quite a good idea to complete your tweed ensemble with a slim, front-buttoned over-blouse made in red wool jersey to match the fleck in your tweed.

"I HAVE made myself a sheath frock with a hip-line drape. The design looks very smart but the skirt is far too tight for comfort. I could remake the skirt but don't want to spoil the slim line. I still have some of the material left. What can I do?"



by
Betty
Keep

You could still keep the skirt line of the dress slender in front if you have a deep inverted back pleat. The latter will provide ease in walking.

"WHAT would you consider a good buy and value for a winter coat? I am quite an experienced dressmaker and can make it myself, but would like your advice on material and style. I live in a cold climate, so need the coat good and warm."

Tweed is one of the season's most popular materials, and I don't think you could have anything nicer or more practical for a coat. For extra warmth line the coat with wool in a contrasting color. For example, you could choose a pepper-and-salt tweed for the coat and scarlet or tangerine wool for its lining.

The current coat silhouette

D. S. 129. — One-piece ballerina. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.

is slim, and styling of collars and sleeves is responsible for much of the newness. Two popular formulas: a big collar and narrow sleeves, or tiny collar with full sleeves.

"I AM expecting a baby in mid-winter and wonder if I bought a woollen frock now, would it be possible to find a style I could wear after the event?"

The chemise type dress with a wrap-around belt can be worn during and after pregnancy. Any of the current fashion details, such as the higher square neckline and high-placed pockets, can be adapted to this silhouette.



"They're firm and big — and better tasting"



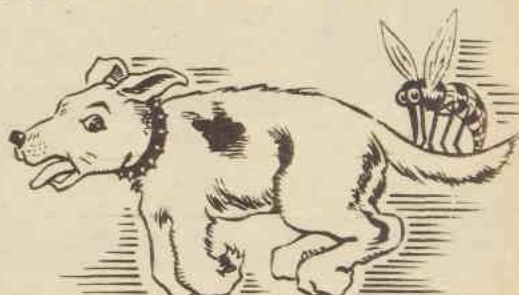
Have you noticed? Wherever you go, discerning people choose KENSITAS. KENSITAS, you see, are firmly packed full of the finest tobacco—and they're Extra Size, too. Yet KENSITAS cost no more than other English cigarettes.

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Beauty in Brief:

SIMPLE FACIAL HINT

By CAROLYN EARLE

● All that you need to turn a home massage session into a near-professional treatment is a patter—either one that you purchase over the counter or on-the-spot improvisation.

TO fashion a face-patter, tightly roll a large piece of cotton-wool so that after it is dampened with cold water it becomes roughly the size and shape of a big powder-puff.

Actually, patting is the third step in home facials, and should follow after skin cleansing and creaming. In other words, your skin should be moist and soft with a thin film of cream on its surface when the patter goes to work.

Grasping the patter along its edge, start at the base of the throat and slap the skin smartly up and over the chin-

line as high as the cheek-bones. At this point puff out the cheeks as though blowing up a balloon, hold your breath, and go over the surface briskly.

Continue up towards the temples, across the nose, and over the forehead. Take care, though, to deal gently with the eye area. Do not touch the eyelids.

All done? Now repeat the whole procedure, this time adding skin freshener or astringent lotion to the patter to increase stimulation and give fresh tone to the skin. Dry or normal skin will benefit from freshener; oily skin takes an astringent.

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Stop odour 24 hours!

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Tact

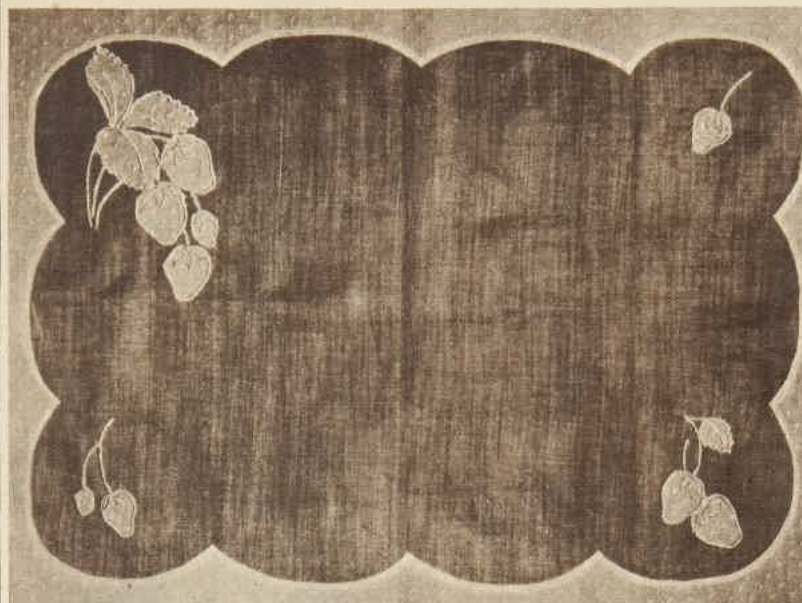
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Large jar, 3 1/3 d.
Handy tube, 2 1/4 d.

NEW TRANSFERS FOR APPLIQUE



• Organdie traycloth (above) showing how to use the different motifs of the strawberry design. The borders and appliques are of finely woven hailspot muslin.

1—TO MAKE THE MAT: Draw an oblong 13in. x 18in. in light pencil on a piece of organdie. Tack this on to a piece of spotted muslin and machine the two together. Trim edge to 1/4 in. On a piece of paper the same size as the oblong draw an even pattern of scallops for a border. If you can't draw the scallops, use a square border. Cut round the scallop design. Lay the scallop pattern centred on top of the hailspot muslin and carefully pencil round the edge. Now cut out the centre of the muslin. This centre piece cut out is used for ironing on the transfers. Turn the work inside out, firmly tacking outside edge and ironing, then tack a fine seam round the scalloping, tack again flat and evenly on to the organdie and hem with the tiniest stitches you know how to do.

THE five transfer motifs on these pages (shown below in diagram) were designed by Rene, our fashion artist, for applique trims on lingerie. They also look pretty on household linen.

The designs are exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly Needlework Department.

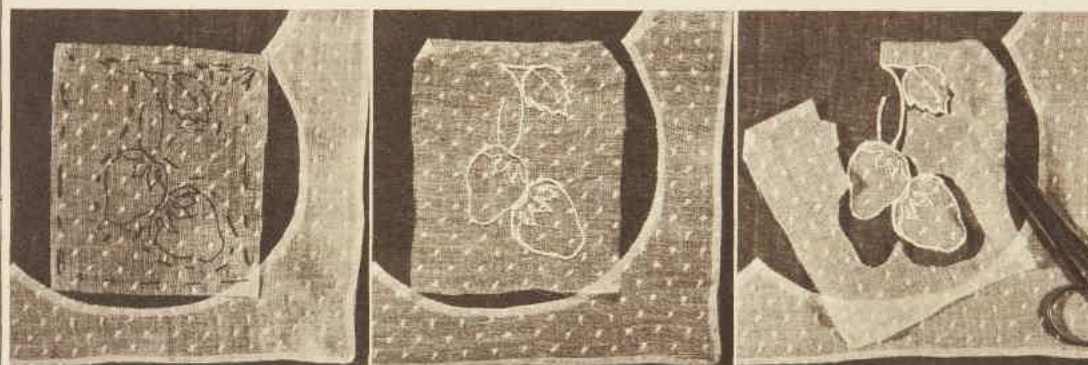
The strawberry motif is shown at left applied on a traycloth. It is also an excellent design for a table mat and matching serviette.

Photographs below show three steps in the actual sewing and cutting of the strawberry organdie mat, which is the same method for all applique.

A fine needle is most necessary for fine work, No. 10 being best size to work with. For embroidery use stranded thread.

Try to find small scraps of pure silk for the applique pieces. Coarsely woven materials and those easily frayed are useless.

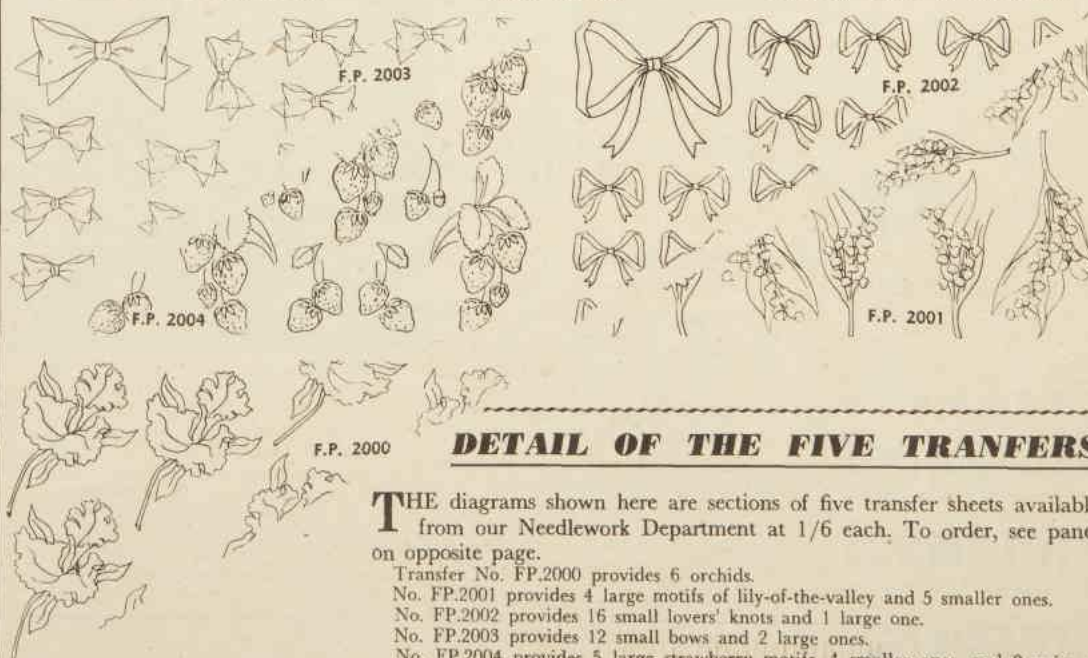
A pair of small surgical scissors will make the cutting of the applique pieces easier. These are called Iris scissors and can be bought at any surgical instruments suppliers.



2—After ironing the transfer on to the material to be appliqued, cut it into a neat size and sew with fine tacking to the basic material.

3—Next sew round the outline of the design in fine whip stitch, using stranded embroidery cotton. Carefully remove tacking.

4—Cut surplus material away from round the design. This should be done with sharply pointed scissors. Finish by ironing on wrong side.



DETAIL OF THE FIVE TRANSFERS

THE diagrams shown here are sections of five transfer sheets available from our Needlework Department at 1/6 each. To order, see panel on opposite page.

Transfer No. FP.2000 provides 6 orchids.

No. FP.2001 provides 4 large motifs of lily-of-the-valley and 5 smaller ones.

No. FP.2002 provides 16 small lovers' knots and 1 large one.

No. FP.2003 provides 12 small bows and 2 large ones.

No. FP.2004 provides 5 large strawberry motifs, 4 smaller ones, and 2 pairs of tiny ones.

To decorate your lingerie

Send for these patterns
and unusual transfers



F.P. 2002.—See
opposite page.



F.P. 2001.—See
opposite page.



F.P. 2003.—See
opposite page.

No. 3539. Lace-trimmed
panties (above)
finished with satin
appliqued bows. Sizes:
24in. to 30in. waist.
Requires 1½yds. 36in.
material and 2½yds.
1½in. lace. Price, 2/6.

No. 3538. Lace-trimmed
slip (above) features a
flared skirt, fitted mid-
riff, and flattering bra
top. Lovers' knots are
applied in satin.
Sizes: 32in. to 38in.
bust. Requires 2yds.
36in. material and 4½
yds. 2in. lace. Price, 3/6.



THE small photographs on this page show
worked detail of four applique motifs for
lingerie—two variations of the bow, an
orchid, and a spray of lily of the valley.
Transfers for these designs and patterns for
the garments illustrated may be obtained
from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris
Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Address mail orders
to Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian
readers should address orders to Box 66-D,
G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to
Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.



No. 3540. Lace-trimmed
nightgown features a
form-fitting top and
gracefully gathered skirt.
A satin orchid motif is
used for the applique
trim. Sizes: 32in. to
38in. bust. Requires
3½yds. 36in. material,
2yds. 3in. lace, 1½yds.
2in. lace edging, 2yds.
1in. ribbon. Price, 4/6.

F.P. 2000.—See
opposite page.

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For coarse,
fine or medium
hair!

keeps

So easy to
use. No
neutraliser!

with



Headspin

30 curl size

5/6

60 curl size

8/6

Continuing . . .

An Alligator Named Daisy

from page 43

and put a white chalkmark on it.

"But I really have got an alligator in there!" protested Peter.

"And I've got a crocodile in my garden pond. Open up your cases, will you, sir?"

A few minutes later, Moira, who had already been through the Customs, met Peter by his car, which he had pointed out to her.

"I think we'd better leave Daisy in your bag," she said. "It might be taking rather a chance to have her on my knee."

"Will she live through the day?" he asked, piling the luggage into the back of the car.

"Oh, sure, she'll be fine! But if we pass a nice stream we might stop and let her have a swim to freshen her up."

They set off shortly before nine. As they drove through the lovely Welsh countryside, they talked incessantly and it was not long before Moira heard about his efforts as a struggling composer.

"I write mostly for ensembles," he told her.

"Did you compose anything on holiday?" she asked him.

"No, but I had some interesting ideas when I was fishing in Galway. I'm certain when I get home I'll be able to compose something really significant."

"You must let me know the next time one of your pieces is to be played."

"Oh, I will!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "The New Bayswater String Quartet may be performing something of mine at one of their Sunday evening recitals soon. They're only amateurs, but they're really quite good and very progressive. Last November, they played a quartet I wrote. It was based on the whole tone scale. A chap who has something to do with the Third Programme was in the audience and I'm still hoping it may be broadcast."

"What other orchestras play your music?"

He paused grimly. "Only the Palm Court Orchestra of the Grand Hotel at Lampton-on-Sea. The leader is a friend of mine. I met him when he brought a band out to Korea to entertain the troops, and he plays anything I send him."

"Were you in Korea for long, Peter?"

"For a year of my National Service, but that was quite long enough, I can assure you."

"I shouldn't think you'd be a very satisfactory soldier," she remarked reflectively.

"You can think what you like!" he answered in a piqued tone. "As a matter of fact, I got on very well."

"You look the sort who'd be bullied and pushed around."

This observation annoyed him still more and he answered with some asperity: "If you want to know, I was in the battalion boxing team and I never lost a fight."

She laughed. "Coming from someone who's frightened of a sweet little alligator, that's hard to believe!"

Peter was now quite angry, for he was very proud of his boxing, and on his bedroom mantelpiece at home were several silver cups to testify to his prowess in the ring. He wished he had not offered a lift to this rude, unconventional Irish girl who had barged into his cabin with a disgusting reptile in the middle of the night.

Presently she said, "Sure, you take yourself terribly seriously! I was only pulling your leg, so please don't look so cross."

"That's all right," he answered huffily.

"Did you do any composing before you went into the army?"

"No, I didn't think about writing music until after I came out of hospital—I was wounded. Of course at school I was very keen on the piano—and singing, as well. My taste then was really frightful."

"What did you want to be?" she asked him curiously.

"Oh, never mind!" he answered shortly.

"I suppose you must have had to study a tremendous amount before you began to compose."

His face darkened again. "That's a very sore point. My father wouldn't put up the money to send me to the Royal College of Music; I tried for a scholarship, but they didn't like my stuff. So I've had to teach myself and it's not been easy. These days, one has to be first-rate to get anything played. As a composer I should starve."

He paused, then added rather shamefacedly, "I have a job."

"To do with music?"

There was another grim silence before he replied, "I sell pianos and sheet music in a department store."

"Well, now, that's nothing to be ashamed of!"

"It's a soul-destroying job!" he told her bitterly. "The head of the department's the most dreary bore you can imagine. He gets as mad as anything when I start composing in working hours. Things aren't much better at home; I have a small piano in my bedroom, but

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"Ah, you're getting all worked-up again! I'd better be careful."

"Yes, I might suddenly decide to stop the car and put you across my knee."

"That would be a silly thing to do. If you lived in Cahir you'd have heard of 'The Fighting O'Shannoni'."

"No doubt you picked up a few tactics from your alligators," was his sarcastic comment.

"The main thing I learnt from them was tolerance," she answered sweetly. "I learnt self-defence from my brothers."

Peter spoke very little during the next couple of hours. Accustomed as he was to the pretty manners and starry-eyed admiration of the society girls with whom he went about in London, he could not take the Irish girl's forthright comments. He tried to dismiss them as ill-bred bad manners and reminded himself that in a few hours' time he would be the friend of Moira and would never see her again; but that was not sufficient to stifle a childish wish to impress her in some way.

He indulged in a fantasy of seeing her seated in the packed gallery of the Festival Hall as he came on to the platform to play a composition of surpassing beauty.

Moira was now rather bored with Peter. If he had stopped the car and tried some rough stuff she might have thought better of him, for she could understand any man losing his temper after what she had said. She felt the rest of the journey was going to be only slightly less boring than sitting in a stuffy railway carriage.

At ten past eleven they drove into an attractive village, named Great Topham, where there was a fair.

"Oh, do let's stop!" she exclaimed eagerly, as they drew level with the roundabouts and swings on the village green.

"Stop by that pub," she pointed to a half-timbered inn overlooking the green.

He pulled into the car park. They both got out, and he stood gazing disinterestedly at the gay panorama of the fair. It was being well patronised for that time of day; motor-coaches with "Shottings Holiday Camp" painted on their sides, and along the edge of the green were clusters of bicycles with touring-club pennants on their handle-bars. All the roundabouts were in action and multi-colored swings soared against the blue sky.

Moira slipped her arm through his.

"I'll treat you to a turn on the merry-go-round," she said.

"Thanks awfully, but they make me feel sick," he answered.

She withdrew her arm and gave him a look of pity mixed with scorn.

"Well, I'm going on it anyway."

She crossed the road and mounted a roundabout which had just come to a standstill. It was a gaudy affair of red, yellow, and green Flying Saucers which, rather incongruously, revolved to the tune of "A Bicycle Made for Two." In motion, it looked like a spinning garland of flowers.

For a few moments Peter watched Moira being whirled round, and despite his bored attitude he could not help admiring her. Sitting side-saddle on a bolster-shaped "saucer," she looked wild and lovely. Her head was thrown back and her streaming hair was full of amber lights.

"Cor, what a dish!" remarked a gawky, spotty-faced youth who was standing beside him. "It's worth a bob just to see her skirt go up."

Peter frowned disapprovingly and turned away. He strolled

aimlessly through the fair, his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his jacket. On the far side of the green he came upon a rectangle of canvas screens painted with figures of savage-looking boxers in action.

A small crowd outside the enclosure were listening to the exhortations of a burly gentleman with a perspiring red face who stood on a platform surrounded by six scowling pugilists. Above him was a black banner inscribed with the golden words, "Joe Gruller's World-famous Boxing Booth."

There's a quid 'ere for any gent who stays on 'is feet fur two rounds wiv Snake Snarling, The Cattishall Cobra." Joe cried hoarsely, brandishing a pound note. "And if 'e wins, 'e gets a whole bloomin' fiver! Now where's all this local boxin' talent I've 'erd tell of? Who's goin' to pit 'is wits and strength against Snake Snarling, The Cattishall Cobra?"

He indicated one of the boxers standing beside him—a muscular young negro who wore a red dressing-gown embroidered with yellow serpents.

"Come on, lads, don't let it be said of Greater Topham that no sport could be found there to meet the challenge of The Cattishall Cobra. There's a quid going 'ere fur jus' staying on yer nippers for a couple of rounds. Now who's goin' to put on the mitts and collect that nice bit o' lolly?"

Raising his hand, Peter said, "I'll have a go." Hardly were the words out of his mouth than he wished that the ground would open up and swallow him. What on earth made you do a crazy thing like that? he asked himself as the crowd cheered and Joe flung out his arms in a gesture of happy welcome.

"Ah, I knew it! I knew we couldn't come to Greater Topham and not find sportin' talent! Come along 'ere, son, and fight the battle of yer life!"

Peter looked around him wildly. The possibility of running back to the car at top speed entered his mind, but his legs were trembling so much that they threatened to give way beneath him.

Joe noted his reluctance to come forward and whispered something to two of the boxers, who promptly jumped down from the stand and advanced on him with purposeful expressions. He was hauled up beside his opponent and his right hand was forcibly raised in acknowledgment of the crowd's applause.

Somehow he managed a sickly grin. It was then that he saw Moira approaching. When she caught sight of him, she halted and an expression of utter incredulity crossed her face; then she waved gaily.

For the time being, that was all Peter saw of her, for he was now being pushed down a flight of steps into the canvas enclosure. Joe's voice rang out behind him:

"Now, lydies and gents, it's a shillin' to see yer local champ matched against Snake Snarling, The Cattishall Cobra. But I warn yer, 'ere and now, stay out if yer don't like the sight of blood—if yer don't like to see 'ard, damagin' punches given and taken—if yer don't like to 'ear the crack of broken ribs—if yer don't like to see a body spreadeagled on the gore-spattered canvas or battered unconscious through the ropes—stay out, I say, 'cos this is goin' to be no fight for the squeamish to witness. But to all those

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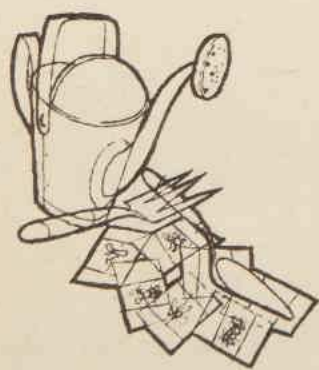
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To page 50

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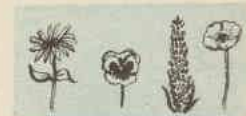
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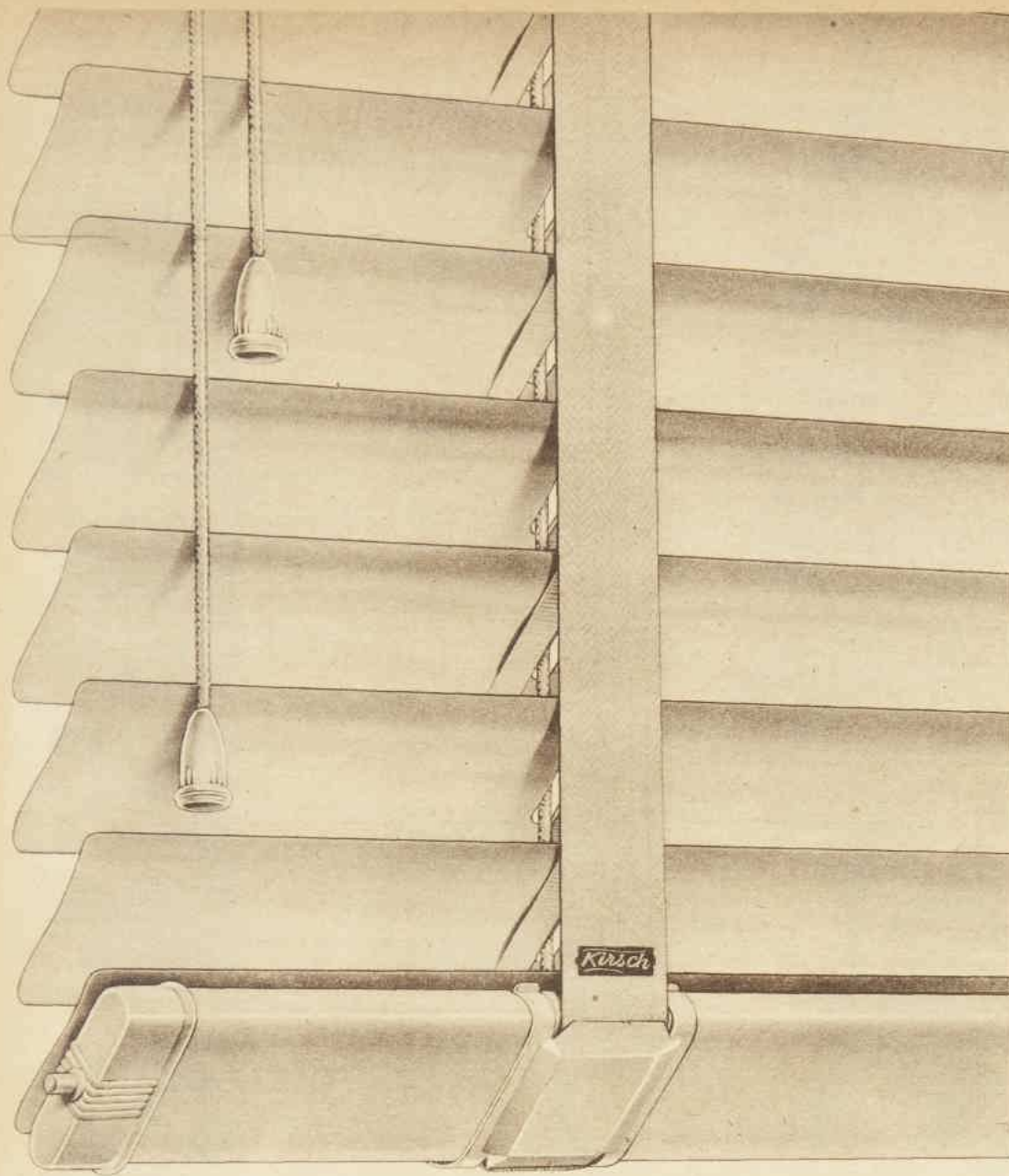
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Continuing . . . An Alligator Named Daisy

from page 48

lydies and gents with red blood in their veins. I say come in, and witness the best bob's worth of butchery between 'ere an' Glasgow!"

Peter was hurried past the boxing-ring in the centre of the enclosure and into a small tent which smelt of sweat and liniment. He was handed over to an elderly mountain of a man with cauliflower ears.

"'Ere's your next bit of cannon-fodder, Jake," said one of the boxers with an evil grin. Jake patted Peter's shoulder reassuringly.

"You'll be okay, son. But take my tip and stay quiet. Snake'll give you a few taps, but nothing to worry about. Then nearly at the end of the second round, he'll give you a biff which is a bit harder than the rest. You hit the canvas, and whatever you do don't get up till you're counted out. If you do get up, he'll murder you."

"Thanks for the advice," Peter answered shakily as he was handed a pair of soiled white boxing-trunks.

His gloves were being put on when Joe Grueller entered the tent, smiling broadly.

"Ah, you've got a nice, wiry body, son! I like the look of yer stripped. What's yer name?"

"Peter Weston."

"Okay, Peter, Jake's told you how to act, huh? If you drop when Snake gives yer that left-cross to the jaw a few seconds before the bell goes at the end of the second round, then I'll give yer a buckshee dollar. If yer don't, then Gawd 'elp yer, 'cos that Snake's real good. Savvy?"

Peter nodded dumbly and Joe clapped him on the back.

"Smart feller! You stick to the routine and yer get five bob without a scratch. I don't want no rough stuff at this time of day—we save the blood-letting till the evenin'."

A dressing-gown was thrown over Peter's shoulders and he was led out into the enclosure, which now held about thirty spectators—it was by no means full. Shivering, despite the heat of this June day, he was pushed through the ropes and sat down on a chair in one corner. Snake Snarling was standing with his back towards him in the opposite corner, pawing the canvas with his right foot and occasionally jumping up and down.

Peter turned as he heard Moira's voice behind him: "I'm going to be your chief second; I've had a word with Joe and he says I can."

Her eyes, sparkling with excitement, told him clearly how she felt about the horrible ordeal before him.

"What do you know about seconding?" he growled.

"Everything! I've seconded Paddy many a time in our local boxing tournament."

"If I'm not knocked out in the first ten seconds, mind you throw in the towel!"

"Sure, I'll do nothing of the kind! You'll smash that nigger to pulp!"

Joe, who was going to referee the fight, called for silence and announced, "Lydies and gents, a speshul six-round welter-weight contest between Snake Snarling, The Cattishall Cobra, on my left . . . and Peter Weston, your own undefeated local champion, on my right."

Moira turned to Jake, who was acting as Peter's other second.

"Tell me about this Snarling guy," she whispered. "Is he any good?"

"He ain't got much science, but there's an atom bomb in his left. The boss only picked him up a week or two ago."

"What's the point of his snake name—is he very fond of reptiles or something?"

A short laugh greeted this question. "I'll say he's not! I'll tell you something, miss. The other night we put a grass snake in his bed—just for a lark—and he screamed like a baby. No, the boss gave him that name because he thought it suited him."

Moira nodded and propped her elbows on the ringside as the fight commenced.

The first round was very tame; Snake was clearly pulling his punches and Peter remained on the defensive, contenting himself with an occasional tentative prod. When he returned to his corner, Moira showed her disgust in no uncertain manner. She did not even bother to wipe his face with the sponge; he was hardly sweating at all.

"Another round like that and I'll walk out on you," she told him bitingly. "Peter Weston, you're an old washerwoman without an ounce of guts. That boy left himself wide open a dozen times; why didn't you go in and slay him?"

"I was studying his tactics," he answered lamely.

She gave a short laugh. "Tactics? He hasn't any! He's money for jam for any boxer who isn't plain yellow!"

Peter did not answer her, but his lips tightened and he went quite pale with anger. The minute before the bell went seemed interminable; he really was going into action now, regardless of the consequences.

The next round opened with a few seconds of the same lazy sparring which had characterised the first. The spectators grumbled amongst themselves, quite certain that they had been cheated out of their shillings. And then as Snake led with a gentle left, leaving his head completely unprotected, Peter lashed into him with both fists and knocked him flat on the canvas. The spectators cheered and Moira clapped her hands excitedly.

"That's more like it, Peter," she called.

But the negro boy was only down for a couple of seconds. Jumping to his feet, he came in at Peter with his bullet-head lowered and his arms working like pistons. Three times he drove his opponent round the ring, snarling like an angry animal and punching savagely. However, very few of his blows connected, for Peter's defensive tactics were excellent and he was very light on his feet.

The rout was stopped by a lightning right-uppercut which once again drove Snake to the canvas and was greeted by a yell of applause from the spectators.

Five seconds passed before he got to his feet and then he attacked with a series of sledge-hammer blows, one of which closed Peter's left eye but did not knock him down. There followed a few moments of clinching, in which the referee did not attempt to interfere, and Peter heard his opponent whisper, "We'll call it off now, mate. I give you the big bang and you stay down, see?"

"No!" answered Peter. They broke apart and Snake delivered his "specialty"—a faint with his right and a very swift left-cross to the jaw. Peter felt as though he had been hit by an avalanche and struck the canvas with a bang which shook every bone in his body.

The spectators groaned, but the referee counted slowly up to nine; he got unsteadily to his

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feet. Snake leapt in for the kill, his white teeth gleaming viciously, but somehow Peter managed to shove him off until the bell went.

"That was ever so much better," declared Moira, mopping his bruised face. "You're in far better training than I thought, and if only you'll watch out for that left-cross of his, you'll win easily."

"Throw in the towel!" gasped Peter. "I'm done!"

Jake nodded approvingly. "I agree with you, son. You don't stand a chance against Snake. You've really annoyed him now and he'll give you some terrible punishment."

"Shut up!" snapped Moira. "Peter's going to make cat's meat out of your Cattishall Cobra!"

The third round opened dramatically with a burst of wild hitting from Snake. But Peter's boxing was much more scientific. He inflicted a good deal of damage and soon a red mask began to spread over the negro boy's face. It was towards the end of the round that Peter took really heavy punishment once again, he was caught unawares by that left-cross and was smashed through the ropes on to the floor.

There he sat, shaking his head dazedly; he had no intention of getting up until he was counted out, but the bell saved him. Willing hands dragged him to his feet and he climbed wearily back into the ring.

Moira at once got to work on him with the sponge.

"If you can stand up for another round, Peter, you've won!" she told him urgently. "He's terribly hurt! His left eye's closed and his lips are in ribbons. You're doing magnificently now and I'm really proud of you."

"For heaven's sake throw in the towel!" he gasped.

"Oh, do stop saying that!—You know I'm not going to!"

The fourth round was agony. His opponent's attack seemed to have weakened somewhat, but every so often a hard fist drove into his solar plexus or jerked back his head. He had no energy left to launch an offensive, which was a pity, for

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An Alligator Named Daisy

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SNAKE was in quite a bad way and one well-timed punch might have finished him off. The round was largely occupied by a series of clinches, the two boxers leaning on one another and staggering drunkenly round the ring.

Twice, Peter was conscious of blows below the belt, but Joe's refereeing was very free-and-easy, and despite a few boos from the spectators, he did not warn Snake. When the bell sounded, Peter could not remember which was his corner and Moira had to collect him from the middle of the ring.

"He's finished, miss!" Jake whispered to her. "I think it's really time we threw in the towel."

"Nonsense!" she answered. "There's plenty of fight still left in him. Isn't there, Peter?"

"No!" he answered with a slight groan.

While sponging his face and neck, she looked anxiously towards the entrance and breathed a sigh of relief when she saw a small boy come in with Peter's bag—a few minutes earlier she had given him half-a-crown to run and fetch it from the back of the car.

He handed it to her as the bell clanged for the start of the fifth round.

"Is this the right one, miss?" he asked breathlessly.

"Yes—well done!" she answered, and opened the zip. Plunging her hand inside, she pulled out Daisy head first. The alligator's eyes glittered wickedly and she was showing her razor-sharp teeth.

SNAKE, who was striding out from his corner with a grim and determined expression, halted abruptly. His mouth flung open, his eyes widened and his guard dropped. Peter did not know the cause of his opponent's sudden demoralisation, but took instant advantage of it. Summoning all his strength, he drove a straight left to the negro's jaw. Snake went down like a ninepin and stayed down.

The spectators cheered wildly. Moira tickled Daisy

behind the ear and put her down on the side of the ring. Without any hesitation, the alligator scuttled across the canvas towards Peter, who was utterly bemused by his unexpected victory. But when he saw Daisy within a few inches of his feet, he gave a gasp of dismay and, running to the ropes, jumped out of the ring. He had to be supported to the changing-tent.

He left behind him a scene of utter chaos: Moira was chasing round the ring, trying to catch Daisy—Joe was jumping up and down in a frenzy of rage—Snake, who had returned to consciousness, was having hysterics—the spectators were yelling their heads off.

When at last Daisy had been caught and put back in the bag, Joe announced that he was not going to pay Peter a single penny, as Snake had been de-



feated through a trick. Moira pointed out that there was nothing in Queensberry Rules to prevent seconds from displaying alligators at the ring-side, and the spectators upheld her argument with such vehemence that Joe was forced to hand her five grubby pound notes.

Ten minutes later, Peter emerged from the enclosure and saw her standing some distance away, surrounded by a crowd of children and adults. Pushing his way through the crowd, he found her holding Daisy in her arms. The little alligator was now looking thoroughly

miserable; her eyes were almost closed and her head was drooping. But her pathetic expression failed to stir any feelings of pity in Peter's heart.

"Put that thing away!" he said to Moira.

"I think she wants a drink," she answered.

"So do I!" he exclaimed tersely. "She's going back in the car."

It was getting on for one o'clock when Peter and Moira came out of the pub where they had refreshed themselves with iced cider and sandwiches.

"Are you all right to drive?" she asked him as they approached the car.

"No," he answered. "I can hardly see out of my left eye, and my head's going round like a top."

"Then I'll drive," she said gaily.

"Have you an English licence?"

He opened his eyes. Her face was within a few inches of his and he saw an unexpected tenderness in her blue-green eyes. His irritation with her vanished and he forgot his headache for at that moment she looked utterly adorable.

"I think it's about time I had some enjoyment, too," he said, pulling her down beside him.

She tipped her head to meet his mouth, and as they kissed she pressed her lithe young body close against him. His fatigue vanished and a new vitality surged through his veins.

Presently, she caught hold of his wrist, exclaiming, "Peter, that's enough! . . . Please, Peter—no bargain basement tactics!"

Then, looking away, she exclaimed suddenly, "Daisy has escaped from her bag!"

He leapt to his feet as though he had already been bitten, and stared round him. The bag was lying a few feet away and the zip was still closed.

Moira sat up on the grass with outstretched legs and laughed until the tears came

your rest we can give Daisy a nice swim."

"You can!" he said.

They left the car by the side of the road and went into the wood, carrying the bag. When they reached the stream Peter flopped down on the grassy bank and closed his eyes. Moira went to the edge of the stream and dipped her handkerchief in the water, then, kneeling down beside him, she bathed his forehead.

"I like that!" he murmured.

"Go on doing it!"

"It's a pity your nose wasn't broken," she remarked reflectively.

"It feels as though it had been—if that's any consolation to you."

"You're much too good-looking," she continued. "No one would guess you had any fighting instincts. But you did show a tremendous amount of guts in that scrap—I haven't enjoyed anything so much for a long time."

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Moira sat up on the grass with outstretched legs and laughed until the tears came

into her eyes. Peter's expression changed from sheepishness to anger.

"Very well, you've asked for it!" he said.

She jumped up and tried to run away, but he caught her easily and pulled her down again. As he turned her over, she put her hands behind her back and kicked up her heels.

"That's no use!" he told her. "This is one occasion when an O'Shannon is going to be licked."

He pushed her hands away and smacked her sharply. But she was still laughing when he released her.

"Are you quite sure you don't want to rest a little longer?" she asked him mockingly.

"I've forgotten about that!" he exclaimed, astonished at his recuperative powers. And then he laughed, too.

"Come on," she said, getting up. "Let's give Daisy her swim." She opened the bag and peered inside. "Ah, sure, the little darlin's flat out!"

"I should leave her that way."

Moira lifted Daisy from the bag. The alligator blinked sleepily and made a pathetic little mewling noise.

"Poor wee thing!" said Moira. "She wants a good scrubbing."

She carried Daisy down to the stream and deposited her gently in the water. Daisy gave her a look of evil gratitude and thrashed her tail joyously. Then, thrusting her head forward, she shot away like a jet-propelled torpedo-boat.

Evidently Moira did not expect such sudden activity, for she said in a worried tone, "We'll lose her unless we're careful!"

"Good!" said Peter, as Daisy vanished round a bend.

"It's not good at all!" Moira ran along the bank of the stream, which followed a very twisting course through the wood. "Come on, Peter!" she called over her shoulder. "We must head her off!"

"Oh, all right!" he answered crossly.

Daisy was evidently not

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hurrying herself, for they were soon ahead of her. After a short distance, they came out of the wood into a field where the stream almost doubled back on itself.

"This is where we may get her," said Moira, kicking off her shoes.

She glanced disinterestedly at a man who was fishing some fifteen yards downstream from the bend. He was a lean, bronzed, retired colonel with sharp, hawk-like eyes and a trim grey moustache. When he saw Moira he was pleasantly excited, for during his picnic lunch he had been reading the latest edition of his secret library of girls' school-stories, "Molly Of The Fifth."

Moira exactly fitted the authoress' description of Molly's naughty elder sister, Gay, who had always been in trouble at St. Catiphar's and was now trying to lure Molly away from her swooning to visit beasty dance-halls during the hols. However, when he realised that Moira was about to jump into the stream his attitude changed.

"I say, d'you realise you're trespassing?" he called out angrily. "Only people who've got rods on this stream are allowed here."

"We've got an alligator on it," she answered crisply and paddled into mid-stream.

The colonel exploded wordlessly. Not even Gay, when she was romping with a boy-friend, would have dared to reply so flippantly to a warning from a distinguished-looking stranger.

A moment later, his eyes nearly popped out of his head as Daisy came slowly round the bend, gulping down a fat trout. In one quick movement, Moira bent down, seized her by the neck, and lifted her clear of the water.

Daisy lost her temper. She dropped most of the trout, gave a short, barking scream of rage, tried to twist her head and bite Moira, and violently thrashed her tail. Moira was forced to drop her on the grass. At once, all the fight seemed to go out of the alligator. She sat there, as though carved out of stone, her snout pointing demoniacally

at the colonel, who was gazing at her with an utterly flabbergasted expression.

"What the devil d'you mean by letting that thing loose?" he demanded, coming closer.

Moira brushed a lock of hair out of her eyes and gave him a dazzling smile.

"I'm afraid we've interrupted your afternoon's sport," she said. "Please forgive us."

Despite his feelings as a fisherman, the colonel suddenly found himself grinning sheepishly.

"I suppose there's nothing much to worry about," he said gruffly. "This is your ah—pet?"

"His," Moira nodded at Peter.

"Can't say I ever expected to see one of those things come down the stream. Still, we live and learn. Plenty of 'em on the riverbanks in India. Muggers, they're called."

Peter muttered something under his breath.

"Muggers are crocodiles," Moira corrected the colonel. "Crocodile-Palustris, to be precise. This is an alligator, probably from the Okefenokee Swamp in Georgia."

"That so? Wouldn't know the difference," the colonel was silent for a moment, debating whether it would be possible to work the conversation round to girls' schools. Such a difficult verbal manoeuvre might take quite a time to accomplish.

He wondered whether his wife would mind if he asked the girl back to tea. Then he remembered there was a Mothers' Union meeting at his home that afternoon and decided that the introduction of an alligator might upset some of the matrons who would be present.

"Well, you'd better cut along," he said gruffly. "There might be trouble if Sir John saw you on his ground. Happen to know he doesn't care for alligators."

"Good-bye," smiled Moira, "and thank you for not minding about the fish." She picked

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An Alligator Named Daisy

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up Daisy, put her under her arm, and walked off with Peter.

At eight o'clock that evening, they were driving through the East End of London.

"There's something I want to ask you," said Peter.

"Yes?"

"Listen, you're fond of alligators. As you know, I detest them. Will you accept Daisy as a present?"

"No," she answered firmly.

"But why not? You could do some useful research on her. By watching her habits you might discover a more effective



"I'm getting married next Saturday. Would you care to be the bride?"

way of streamlining destroyers or something of that kind."

"Professor O'Hara, my boss, isn't interested in alligators at the moment and I certainly wouldn't be allowed to keep her at the hostel where I stay."

"I won't be allowed to keep her at home. You've no idea what a row there'll be when I arrive back with her."

"Oh, you'll get round your family somehow. Daisy'll settle down in a day or two and everyone'll love her."

"That's what you think!" He jammed on the brakes savagely at some traffic lights.

"There's no need for you to be getting upset," she said

quietly. "You wouldn't be spoiling a lovely day now!"

"I'll try and think of something," he muttered. "Honestly, you've no idea what my family are like—they're typical South Kensington. Then, as the traffic lights changed to green, 'Where do we go from here?'"

"Straight across and first turning left. We're nearly there."

He drove on and did not speak again until she told him to halt outside a gaunt grey house. He pulled up and switched off the engine.

"Well, here we are!" she said with a sigh.

They got out of the car and he carried her cases to the door.

"When do we meet again?" he asked, putting a hand on her shoulder.

"Soon, I hope. Today's been wonderful."

"How about tomorrow?"

"Sorry, I expect I'll be working all hours for the next few days. It's always the same when I get back from holidays. Call me sometime at the Stanley Research Foundation. The number is Eastern nine-eight-three-six."

"All right, I'll ring you up tomorrow."

"Now, mind you take care of Daisy. She's so bewildered and unhappy at being parted from her old master."

"Serve her right!"

"Wait till you get to know her. You may feel quite differently about her in a few weeks' time. Alligators can change people's lives in the most curious way."

"She won't change mine!"

"We'll see! And now I must go in."

"Good-bye, Moira."

"Good-bye, Peter, and thank you for the lift and the fight and everything!" She kissed him quickly on the cheek and disappeared into the house.

The Westons lived in a large, second-floor flat a short distance from South Kensington Underground Station. Peter's father was a city solicitor who was

rather dominated by his wife; she came from a prominent Leicestershire family and hovered on the fringe of society. They had one daughter, a pretty young girl named Eve, who was a debutante.

It was Eve, wearing a blue housecoat, who opened the door to Peter when he got back home.

"Hallo!" she exclaimed, pleased to see him. "Melissa's just rung up. She said will you call her this evening."

"Perhaps," said Peter, carrying his luggage into the hall.

"How did you get that black eye? Have you had a car smash?"

"No, I got mixed up in a fight; I'll tell you about it later."

She clasped her hands behind her back and looked up at him expectantly.

"Have you brought any presents back?"

He chuckled. "Yes, I've brought you a crocodile."

"You mean a crocodile hand-bag?" she exclaimed delightedly.

"No, a live one. It's in the bag."

"Don't be crazy!" She gave him a big hug and a kiss.

"Pete, I'm glad you're back. Daddy's being too dreary for words and I need support."

"We'll support each other," he told her with a grin. "He'll be much more dreary after I've had a talk with him."

"I've overspent my dress allowance and I literally haven't got a thing to wear for the Royal Garden Party."

"Perhaps I can help you over that. Actually, I did bring you back a few yards of rag from Dublin."

She clasped his arm. "Oh, you darling! What material is it? What color?"

"Martini-yellow silk or something—I dunno. Anyway, I'll get it out later."

"Martini-yellow!" she repeated thoughtfully. "That sounds thrilling! What color is it exactly?"

"Like the yoke of a bad egg."

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" she exclaimed.

He entered the lounge, where his parents were having an argument about the cost of launching a debutante daughter. Mrs. Weston, a plump, lively, little woman, was standing by the mantelpiece, which was smothered with invitation cards. Her husband, a tall, rugged individual with piercing blue eyes and bushy eyebrows, sat hunched in an armchair looking very bad-tempered.

"I mean if Eve's going to get settled she must have clothes," Mrs. Weston was saying. "Peter, darling, how nice to see you back. But what on earth has happened to your face?" She met her son halfway across the room and kissed him.

"I've been doing some boxing. Mum."

"How extraordinary!"

"Hallo, Peter," said Mr. Weston. "It may interest you to know that we're going bankrupt shortly."

Eve said, "Don't talk rubbish, Daddy. You're an old meanie. Pete, shall I get you a drink?"

"No, thanks," her brother answered. He talked for a few minutes about his holiday before raising the matter of his own finances.

"Dad," he said, "I hate to mention the fact, but I'm afraid I've arrived back considerably poorer than when I set out."

His father raised his eyes and glowered at him. Eve gave a little groan and said, "I might have guessed!"

Mrs. Weston sighed. "Peter, won't you ever learn a little tact? Why mention it now?"

"Because the garage wants about nine quid first thing tomorrow morning for some repairs they did on tick before I left—I completely forgot about it."

"You'll sell the car!" snapped Mr. Weston.

"This is where I come in," said Eve. "The number of times I've heard you say that, Daddy. Good-night all." She went out.

"No, I mean it this time,"

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said Mr. Weston. "How much will you get for it?"

"Oh, about twenty quid—not more. Look here, Dad, just lend me a fiver and with any luck I'll be able to pay you back in a few weeks' time."

"You've got a nerve!"

At this moment, a short, sharp scream sounded from the hall.

"What's Eve up to now?" muttered Mr. Weston.

"Oh, crumbs!" Peter hurried across to the door, but before he could open it Eve came in, her eyes round with excitement.

"But he has brought back a crocodile!" she said.

Peter turned to face his parents.

"Now, look here," he began. "Mum and Dad, you've got to be very calm and understanding about this. I've brought back with me a live alligator."

"A WHAT?" Mr. Weston jumped to his feet.

Mrs. Weston pressed a handkerchief against her mouth.

Peter raised his hand.

"Let me finish . . . Let me explain. There's nothing to get excited about—I've got it under absolute control, and tomorrow—"

Once again the conversation was interrupted by a scream. This time it was Mrs. Weston, who was pointing towards the door with a trembling finger. "Look!" she gasped and subsided into a chair.

Daisy was crawling slowly through the open doorway.

Mr. Weston was hardly less shaken than his wife.

"Do something about it!" he said thickly to Peter.

"Shall I call the police or the zoo or somebody?" suggested Eve.

"Just keep quiet, everybody," said Peter. "I—I'll deal with the situation." He rolled up his right sleeve and advanced purposefully towards Daisy, but she turned suddenly and scuttled under the sofa. "Is there any fish in the house?" he asked Eve.

"There's some fresh salmon in the fridge," she answered. "Shall I get it?"

Mr. Weston addressed his wife: "We'll go into the dining-

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room and stay there until all's clear."

Everyone except Peter made a hasty exit, but Eve came back a few moments later with a raw salmon steak.

"Thanks," said Peter, taking it from her. "Are you scared of alligators?"

"Not particularly," she answered.

"Well, I am." He got down on his hands and knees and put the steak by the sofa. He could see Daisy glaring at him balefully.

"What on earth made you bring it back?" Eve asked.

"What on earth made you open my bag?"

"I thought the silk might be in there."

Daisy made a sudden dart at the salmon steak. As her jaws snapped round it, Peter's hand gripped her neck. He felt it was the bravest thing he had ever done.

"I'm going to put her in the bath," he said, rising quickly.

"That'll delight everyone," said Eve, following him out of the room.

The bath happened to be green and this seemed to please Daisy, perhaps because in color it bore some slight resemblance to her natural surroundings. Anyway, as soon as she had gulped down the steak she closed her eyes contentedly. Peter ran a few inches of water into the bath and left her there.

"All clear, Mum and Dad!" he called out.

His parents emerged cautiously from the dining-room.

"She's in the bath," he told them.

"Am I expected to brush my teeth watched by an alligator?" asked Mrs. Weston.

"Come into the lounge!" snapped Mr. Weston.

Peter gave a slight shrug and followed his father. The storm broke as soon as the door closed behind them.

"Now," said Mr. Weston, white-faced with strain and indignation, "have you gone completely mad?"

"I can see your point," Peter admitted, "but there's quite a natural explanation—"

"There can be no natural explanation for the presence of an alligator in this flat. I don't know whether bringing it here is meant to be some kind of a joke, but I can tell you I'm very far from being amused."

Peter sighed. "Dad, try to be reasonable! Calm down and I'll tell you all about it."

"Well?"

"This alligator was brought into my cabin last night by a very lovely young girl—"

"Do you seriously expect me to believe that?"

Peter raised his voice. "All right, don't believe it! But it happens to be the truth."

"How very odd!" remarked his father with cold sarcasm.

"And how very typical of you to say a thing like that, Dad! Your trouble is you fly off the handle if anything a little odd enters your life—anything which can't be filed under the heading, 'Normal domestic activities of a solicitor's family.' Even music is 'odd,' so far as you're concerned."

"The stuff you write certainly is!"

"In your opinion!"

"Be that as it may, I think you'd find that in most people's opinion the introduction of an alligator into the home is an unusual and unwelcome occurrence. And now I'll give you my ultimatum: The 'Thing' must be out of this flat by eight-thirty to-morrow morning. And if you come back with it in the evening, neither of you will spend tomorrow night here. That's all I have to say. Good-night."

"Good-night, Dad," Peter answered wearily, and left the room.

Crossing the hall, he went into the bathroom. Daisy raised her head and made that curious mewing sound which he had first heard down by the stream.

"It's no good, I'm not going to scrub you," he said. And then, for the first time, he felt a little sorry for her. "I bet

you wish you were back with Number One!"

At the mention of Number One, Daisy gave a pathetic little hiss. Peter looked down at her in astonishment.

"Good heavens, you're as intelligent as a dog!" He hesitated for a moment, then picked up a nail-brush. "All right, I'll risk my fingers just once, but this is the first and last time."

When on the following morning Peter left for work in his black coat and striped trousers, Daisy went with him in the canvas bag. His father really had been serious when he had told him that if he came back with the alligator he would have to leave home. He now proposed to dispose of Daisy to the pet department of the big North London department stores where he worked.

They might even pay something for her, and that was no small consideration, for his mother had lent him only just enough money to pay the garage bill.

He travelled to work by Underground, changing at Piccadilly. As he looked round at his fellow travellers—black-coated office workers, shop assistants, and secretaries, the majority of whom were immersed in the fantastic worlds of their favorite strip-cartoons or in the current murder trial—he wondered how they would react if they knew they were travelling in the company of a live alligator.

Were most people scared stiff of alligators? He glanced down at the bag on his knees, opened the zip an inch or two, and peeped inside. Daisy's head rose instantly, her eyes bright with interest; perhaps she was making history as the first alligator to travel on the London Underground.

When Peter got to the stores, he went straight up to the large pet department on the fourth floor. Pretty girls in white kennel-coats were uncovering cages of tropical birds and monkeys; a fine bantam cock was crowing loudly; a litter of

spaniel puppies were greedily devouring their breakfast.

Mr. Otto, the head of the department, was unpacking a consignment of Nile water-rats. There was no accounting for wealthy customers' tastes in pets; he had once sold a crocodile to an elderly dowager. He himself was a leading member of the Canary Fancy and his appearance was reminiscent of a wise grey owl.

"Can I have a word with you please, Mr. Otto?" said Peter, coming up behind him.

Mr. Otto turned from his task and stared at him bleakly over the top of his glasses.

"Uh?"

"I've brought along an alligator which I'm hoping you'll buy."

"An alligator, old chap? Ooh, I don't know! I don't know, I'm sure! Not many people want 'em and when they do it's just the small ones."

"I see you've got a fair-sized one over there," said Peter, pointing to a tank in which there was an alligator a little larger than Daisy.

"It's really just dressing the department," explained Mr. Otto. "Customers like to look at him and shudder. I may sell him sometime, but until then I don't want another."

"Anyway, have a look at mine," said Peter.

He opened the canvas bag, which he noticed now had a slight tear in one corner, and took out Daisy. She rolled her eyes at him in a way which gave him a curious feeling, for somehow she managed to look disappointed and hurt.

Mr. Otto took a step backwards and his large grey face went even greyer.

"D'you realise what you've got there?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, an alligator," answered Peter with some irritation.

"I know, old chap. I know. But there are alligators and alligators. The only ones which are flown over to this country for sale as pets are Mississippi alligators. They grow fairly slowly and, as alligators go, are quite docile. But I can tell you, this reptile of

yours never saw the Deep South in her life."

"No?"

"But she's seen the Amazon all right. She's a sabre-tooth Jacare-Asu."

Peter looked hopeful. "Does that mean she's more valuable?"

"Not so far as I'm concerned, old chap! If I sold her to anyone I'd be guilty of a crime. You'll find she's as temperamental as a prima donna and she'll grow at a rate which'll amaze you."

"I see," said Peter faintly.

"I—er—I gather you can't see your way to buying her?"

"I certainly can't! And if you don't mind, old chap, will you put her back in the bag at once?"

"Can't I leave her just for the time being? Surely customers would be interested to see her in a glass tank?"

"She needs to be in a tank of bullet-proof glass. We've only got fish tanks here, and that baby could smash one to smithereens with one flick of her tail."

Peter gripped Daisy round the neck and put her back in the bag.

"Perhaps the Zoo might be interested," he said.

Mr. Otto drew in his breath sharply and shook his head.

"Quite useless you taking her there, old chap. Mark my words, they won't touch her with a barge-pole. They've got several like her already and they're more of a handful than all the other reptiles put together—I know that well enough because I was there the other day. You can rub the Zoo right out."

This observation was, in fact, inaccurate: the London Zoo usually welcomes the gift of an alligator, and Mr. Otto's assumption was based on statements made in fun by a zoologist friend. Mr. Otto had little sense of humor and had taken his friend's remark seriously.

In turn, Peter also accepted the information without question. With a sigh of resignation he picked up the bag and left the department, wondering what on earth he was going to do with Daisy.

To be continued



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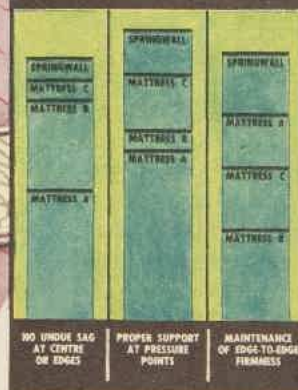
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Write now for **FREE** booklet, "What does the Doctor Say?" to the manufacturers—**"Springwall,"** Box 571, G.P.O., Sydney.

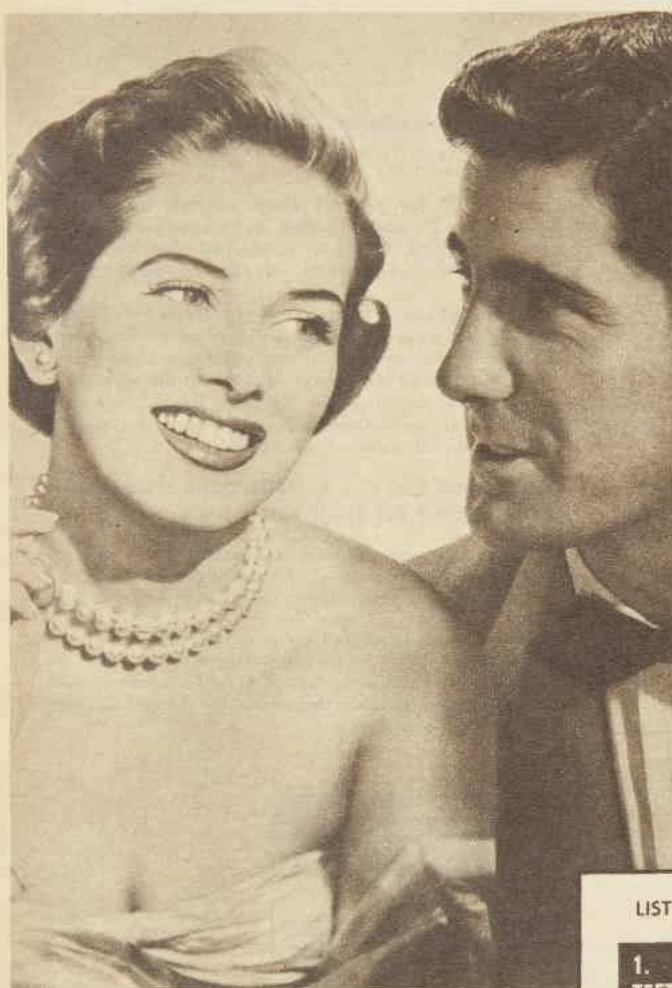
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2' 6"—from £15/19/6 3' 0"—from £17/19/6
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Spring base extra

RAJBP/PCWW

Listerine Antiseptic Stops Bad Breath 4 Times Better Than Any Tooth Paste!



No tooth paste—Regular, Ammoniated or Chlorophyll—can give you Listerine's lasting protection

Before you go any place where you might offend . . . on a date, to a party, to any business or social engagement . . . remember this: Far and away the most common cause of offensive breath is the bacterial fermentation of proteins which are always present in the mouth. So the best way to stop bad breath is to get at bacteria . . . to get at the major cause of bad breath.

That's a job for an antiseptic. And that explains why, in clinical tests, Listerine Antiseptic averaged four times better in stopping bad breath than the leading tooth pastes it was tested against!

No tooth paste kills odour bacteria like this . . . instantly

Listerine Antiseptic does for you what no tooth paste can possibly do. Listerine instantly kills bacteria—by millions—stops bad breath instantly, and usually for hours on end. No tooth paste, of course, is antiseptic. Chlorophyll doesn't kill germs—but Listerine kills bacteria by millions, gives you lasting antiseptic protection against bad breath.

So, remember—especially before any date—Listerine Antiseptic always!

LISTERINE ACTS ON 3 AREAS WHERE BREATH ODOURS CAN START



*Average of two leading toothpastes

Stops Bad Breath up to 3-4 times longer!

Listerine Antiseptic was recently tested by a famous, independent research laboratory against leading tooth pastes. Listerine averaged at least four times more effective in stopping bad breath odours than any of the products tested. By actual test, Listerine Antiseptic stopped bad breath up to three to four times longer than the tooth pastes!

THE MOST WIDELY USED ANTISEPTIC IN THE WORLD

and for COLDS and SORE THROAT (DUE TO COLDS)



GARGLE LISTERINE . . . Quick and Often

This pleasant precaution can help nip a cold in the bud or lessen its severity. The same is true in reducing the number of sore throats. That's because Listerine reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs before they can invade throat tissues and cause much of the misery you associate with colds.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH
4 times better than any tooth paste



AVOID PEG MARKS on collars by hanging them through stud-holes on cup-hooks screwed into a shirt-hanger, as shown above.

Miss Precious Minutes Says . . .

A FEW drops of vinegar added to the water in which greens and salads are washed will cause any insects to drop off.

SPIRITS of camphor will help remove heat-marks on polished wood surfaces.

A TEASPOON of sugar added to milk before it is put on the stove will prevent it from boiling over.

THE best way of cleaning egg-stained spoons is with damp salt.

PILE fabric hats may be steamed to bring up the nap. Steaming also takes creases out of ribbons and silks.

OLIVE oil will not become rancid if, when you open a fresh bottle, you add a little sugar to it.

FOR a brilliant effect: Wash and dry mirror, then rub on a little methylated spirit and polish with a fine duster.

NEVER leave feather pillows in the sunlight. Heat destroys the natural oils in the feathers.

DON'T allow dust and dirt to settle in your carpets, for dirt lodged deep in the pile has a tendency to cut the fibres.

A THIMBLE slipped over the end of a curtain rod will enable it to be pushed through the curtain casing without catching.

TIME-SAVER: When sewing on a row of equally spaced buttons, pin a tape measure along the edge where the buttons are to be sewn.

HINT to home dressmakers: Instead of pinning the paper pattern and material together when cutting out a dress, simply place dinner knives over pattern and material. The knives are heavy enough to keep the pattern in place, and there are no pin marks to mar the fabric.

The Flame Line

● When Dior created his new long-torso look, leading hair stylists in Paris and London evolved a new hair-do to wear with it. They called this latest hairstyle the Flame Line.



OLYMPIC FLAME is the name given to this variation of the flame line hair-do. The hair is swept up at one side, like the flame of an Olympic torch. It was created in Paris.



AURORA BOREALIS. Like the Northern Lights, after which it is named, this Parisian coiffure has an upswept line.



COMET is another Paris style in which a wispy of hair combed down on the forehead elongates the eyebrow.



ABOVE: This new coiffure features several wisps of hair, like little flames, lying against the cheek and forehead. It is called Tincelle.

LEFT: Dior's H-line inspired the black velvet motif that adorns the coiffure by Dominique of Mayfair. The hair is brushed into a fringe.

Table linen picks up dirty marks and stains



GET ALL YOUR LINEN REALLY CLEAN

Sunlight Clean

To get everything in your wash clean right through, you must have Sunlight's extra washing power—particularly on extra dirty spots. Just a touch of faster-lathering Sunlight loosens every speck of dirt... gets all your wash gloriously clean.

Win six big fluffy Bath Towels. For details listen to "Portia Faces Life" 9 a.m. Mon. to Thurs. 2UW-48K and country stations.

FREE BATH TOWELS for "Clean Stories"

RAISING CAIN

MY MENFOLK ARE CANE CUTTERS. THEIR WORK CLOTHES GET VERY DIRTY WORKING IN BURNING SUGAR CANES. ONLY A GOOD LATHER AND BOIL WITH SUNLIGHT CAN GET THEM FRESH AND CLEAN AGAIN.

Mrs. C. Burdon, Pindi Pindi, Q'land.

DRIVER UNDER INSTRUCTION

RECENTLY I SUGGESTED TO MY HUSBAND THAT HE USE SUNLIGHT TO CLEAN OUR CAR. HE WAS AMAZED HOW QUICKLY SUNLIGHT LATHER GETS DUG, WINDOWS AND CHROME SHINING BRIGHT.

Mrs. T. Dieckman, Forbes, N.S.W.

SUNLIGHT IS ALL PURE—
YOUR HANDS AS WELL AS YOUR CLOTHES WILL TELL YOU SO

Sw. 190, WW/43g

So deliciously different!

Here's a new set of Mums recipes to delight your family and guests. One depends upon the rich, creamy smoothness of Mums Custard with its delicate, real vanilla flavour; another upon the delicious, pure fruit flavour of Mums Jellies; and the layer cake owes its even, feathery light texture to Mums Cream of Tartar Baking Powder. Mums Famous Food Family is superior to anything you can buy. Once you've tried Mums you won't be happy with anything else.

"MUMS" LEMON CUSTARD TART

PASTRY: 6 ozs. flour; $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon "Mums" Baking Powder, $1\frac{1}{2}$ -2 tablespoons milk; 3 ozs. butter or margarine; 1 tablespoon sugar; pinch salt.

Sift flour, salt and baking powder. Rub in shortening. Add sugar and mix to a dry dough with milk. Knead lightly on a floured board. Roll out to fit a 9" pie plate. Decorate edges and prick base. Coat with egg white. Bake in hot oven 12-15 minutes.

LEMON FILLING: $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water; juice and grated rind of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon.

Boil together for 3 minutes. Add 1 heaped tablespoon "Mums" Custard Powder blended with a little water. Boil gently 1-2 minutes, stirring well. Allow to cool. Fill into pie shell.

CUSTARD: Make up 1 pint "Mums" Custard to directions on packet. Cool and spoon over Lemon Filling.

MERINGUE: White of 1 egg, beaten till stiff with a pinch salt. Add 2 tablespoons castor sugar and beat well. Pile onto centre of pie. Brown lightly in a very moderate oven.

"MUMS" FRUIT COCKTAIL JELLY MOULD

Make 1 pint "Mums" Pure Fruit Jelly* according to directions. Allow to cool, but not set. Spoon jelly into mould to a depth of 1". Allow to set. Place fruit cocktail and balance of filling into mould alternately, allowing each layer of jelly to set before adding the next quantity. Place in refrigerator or ice chest till set solid. Unmould and decorate with whipped cream and fruit.

* "Mums" Jellies are available in the following flavours: Lemon, Raspberry, Black Currant, Strawberry, Orange, Mandarin, Red Currant, Pineapple, Lime Fruit, Port Wine, Cherry, Vanilla and Grapefruit.

"MUMS" LAYER CAKE

3 eggs; 6 ozs. butter; 9 ozs. castor sugar; 3 cups flour; pinch salt; 2 teaspoons "Mums" Baking Powder; $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk; 1 dessertspoon cocoa; 1 teaspoon essence vanilla.

Cream butter and sugar. Gradually add well-beaten eggs. Fold in sifted flour, baking powder and salt, alternately with milk and vanilla. Divide mixture into three; to one add the cocoa blended with a little extra milk. Spoon into 3 x 7" sandwich pans—well greased and floured. Bake in moderate oven about 30 minutes. When cold form together with mock cream, placing the chocolate layer in the centre. Ice with soft pink icing. Decorate with walnut halves.



MUMS

**FAMOUS
FOOD
FAMILY**

Obtainable from all the best grocers

Place mats in easy crochet

● In response to numerous requests we repeat directions for making the crocheted place mats garlanded with pansies shown here. These popular mats were presented in color in our issue of August 15, 1951.

MANY delightful color schemes for table settings may be worked out with the mats as a basis, using flowers and china in contrasting or matching colors.

The designer selected a lovely shade of green for the mats, and the garlands of pansies were worked in fuchsia, lavender, and gold-yellow tones, outlined in white.

You can follow these suggested colors or choose your own to match up with your dinner service.

Materials: 1 ball Coats' Mercer-Crochet No. 40, 623 green; 1 ball each Clark's Anchor Pearl cotton No. 12, 890 lavender, 887 fuchsia, 898 gold-yellow, white; Milward's Archer steel hooks 5½ equals 23 and 6 equals 24.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; sl-st., slip-stitch; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; dbl. tr., double treble; tri. tr., triple treble; quad. tr., quadruple treble.

LARGE D'OYLEY

Starting at centre with Coats' Mercer-Crochet green No. 623 and No. 5½ equals 23 Milward's Archer hook, chain 10, join with sl-st. to form a ring.

1st Round: 16 d.c. in ring, sl-st. in first d.c. made.

2nd Round: D.c. in same place as sl-st., * ch. 5, skip 1 d.c., d.c. in next d.c. Repeat from * around, ending with ch. 5.

3rd Round: * D.c. in next d.c., 2 d.c. in ch-5 sp., ch. 5. Repeat from * around.

4th to 17th Rounds, incl.: * Skip first d.c., d.c. in each remaining d.c. of d.c. group, 2 d.c. in ch-5 sp., ch. 5. Repeat from * around; on 17th round end with the 17 d.c. of last group.

18th Round: Ch. 5, * skip 1 d.c., d.c. in next 15 d.c., ch. 5, d.c. in ch-5 sp., ch. 5. Repeat from * around.

19th Round: * Skip 1 d.c., d.c. on next 13 d.c.; (ch. 5, d.c. in next loop) twice; ch. 5. Repeat from * around. Continue in this manner, having 2 d.c. less in each d.c. group and 1 loop more between d.c. groups on each round until 1 d.c. remains in each d.c. group, and ending with ch. 5, d.c. in loop preceding first d.c.

Now work as follows:

26th to 30th Rounds incl.: * Ch. 6, d.c. in next loop. Repeat from * around (72 loops).

31st Round: Ch. 7, d.c. in next loop, ch. 7, d.c. in same loop (1 loop increased), inc. 8 more loops evenly around (81 loops).

32nd to 40th Rounds incl.: * Ch. 7, d.c. in next loop, repeat from * around. Join and break off at end of 40th round.

Using Milward's Archer steel hook No. 6 equals 24;

FIRST PANSY

Starting at centre with shaded lavender, ch. 6. Join with sl-st. to form ring.

1st Round: Ch. 3, 2 tr. in ring, (ch. 7, 3 tr. in ring) 4 times; ch. 7. Join with sl-st. to top of ch-3.

2nd Round: Ch. 3, (skip 1 tr., tr. in next tr., 15 dbl. tr. in next space, tr. in next tr.) 3 times; * skip 1 tr., tr. in next tr., ch. 1, in next space make (dbl. tr., ch. 1) twice; (tri. tr., ch. 1) 3 times; (quad. tr., ch. 1) 5 times; (tri. tr., ch. 1) 3 times. (Dbl. tr., ch. 1) twice; tr., in next tr. ch. 1, repeat from start until another large petal is completed. Join and break off. Make 8 more lavender pansies, 9 yellow, and 9 fuchsia.

TO JOIN PANSIES

Attach white to centre dbl. tr. of centre small petal on lavender pansy, d.c. in same place, sl-st. in any loop on d'oyley, ch. 3, sl-st. in next loop, ch. 1, skip 1 dbl. tr. on next small petal, dbl. tr. in next dbl. tr., ch. 3, sl-st. in next loop on d'oyley, ch. 1, dbl. tr. in next-to-last dbl. tr. on 1st small petal of next yellow pansy, ch. 3, sl-st. in next loop on d'oyley, sl-st. in centre dbl. tr. of next petal on pansy. Complete joinings as before. Join a fuchsia pansy same way. Join remaining pansies, alternating colors as before. Join and break off white.

EDGING

Attach white to first ch-1 sp. on first large petal of any pansy, ch. 4, * tr. in next sp., ch. 1. Repeat from * across 2 large petals, ch. 3, tr. in next ch-1 sp. on next large petal, ch. 1, and work in this manner all around. Join and break off.

MEDIUM D'OYLEY

Work as for large d'oyley until 30 rounds are completed. Join and break off (72 loops).

PANSIES

Make 6 pansies of each color.

TO JOIN PANSIES

Attach white to centre dbl. tr. of 2nd small petal on lavender pansy, d.c. in same dbl.



PLACE MATS shown above, directions for which are given in three sizes, were worked in green and the pansy garlands in lavender, fuchsia, gold-yellow, and white.

tr., sl-st. in any loop on d'oyley, ch. 3, sl-st. in next loop, ch. 1. Skip 1 dbl. tr. on next petal, dbl. tr. in next dbl. tr., (ch. 3, sl-st. in next loop on d'oyley) twice; ch. 3, dbl. tr. in next-to-last dbl. tr. on first small petal on next yellow pansy. Join as before, having 1 extra loop between each pansy around. Complete as for large d'oyley.

SMALL D'OYLEY

Work as for large d'oyley until 10 rounds are completed.

11th Round: Ch. 5, * skip 1

d.c., d.c. in next 8 d.c., ch. 5, d.c. in next ch-5 sp., ch. 5. Repeat from * around.

12th, 13th, and 14th Rounds: Work as before, having 2 d.c. less and 1 loop more between d.c. groups.

15th Round: * Skip 1 d.c., d.c. on next d.c., (ch. 5, d.c. in next loop) 5 times; ch. 5. Repeat from * around.

16th Round: * Ch. 5, d.c. in next loop. Repeat from * around. Join and break off (48 loops), make 4 pansies of each color. Join as for medium d'oyley.



PERENNIAL FAVORITES: Readers who have asked us for directions for making the lace gloves illustrated above, which were published about ten years ago, may obtain instructions in pamphlet form on application to our Homemaker Department. Send a stamped addressed envelope with your request, and the instructions will be mailed to you.

ONE WIPE does it when you



"Use a little Gumption"



Amazing English cleanser works magic in two ways at the same time.

1. "GUMPTION" makes bathrooms gleam like new! "Gumption" makes your bath tub and hand basin SPARKLE — leaves them as clean and spotless as the day they came out of the showroom! "Gumption" makes your tile-walls and floor GLISTEN—without hard rubbing!

2. "GUMPTION" gives your hands a beauty treatment every time you use it! While you're cleaning, the glycerine in "Gumption" is smoothing—not roughening—your hands. The secret? "Gumption's" glycerine content is the same you'll find in just about all of the luxury hand-lotions.

"GUMPTION" SAVES TIME AND MONEY Only 2/11 at your local grocery or hardware store for the big new 16-ounce tin. Read about "Gumption's" nine other uses on the tin.

Approved and recommended by the Housewives' Association of N.S.W.

"Use a little 'Gumption' and have a new looking bathroom tomorrow". Gumption Products (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., 60-62 York St., Sydney



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WAYS TO SERVE 'GREENSEAS' TUNA

FOR SANDWICHES AND SAVOURIES.

Shredded Tuna is delicious served straight from the can or you can mix it with mayonnaise, potato, chutney, onion or other ingredients to make a new and different filling for sandwiches, savouries, etc.

FOR SALADS.

Greenseas Fancy Tuna is packed as a solid steak and can be used a dozen different ways in salads. It is ideal for hot fish dishes, too, and saves so much time because it is already cooked-to-perfection when you buy it.

Greenseas Home Economist

Anne Guest

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Ask your grocer or delicatessen for your copy of "Greenseas Tuna recipes." Try them and Tuna will certainly become your family's favourite fish dish.



Gives a new and delightful flavour to Salads, Savouries, Sandwiches.

All over the world, connoisseurs agree that the magnificent Tuna which are caught off the Australian Coast have the finest flavour. We call it "sea-fresh,"

because these Tuna are canned at the ocean's edge in our modern processing plant. They're canned and cooked to a special recipe under ideal conditions. No wonder Greenseas brand is so delicious!



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will be a special
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1. Flavour's concentrated . . .
2. You can use it so many ways . . .
3. Flavour-conscious Americans every year eat more Tuna than any other canned fish.

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in small and large (economy size) cans at good stores everywhere.

(Also packed Continental-style with olive oil as "Greenseas" Tonno) ASK FOR **GREENSEAS BRAND TUNA**—praised by connoisseurs the world over

G27

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 2, 1955

Canberra home of noted poet

● This silver-grey house, set in a beautiful garden and framed by lovely old gum trees, was specially planned for the noted poet and critic, T. Inglis Moore, Mrs. Inglis Moore, and their daughter, Pacita. Known as "Coolong," it faces Dominion Circuit in Deakin, Canberra.



VIEW OF "COOLONG," the Canberra home of Mr. and Mrs. T. Inglis Moore, from the street. The house, designed by architect H. L. Divola, is painted silver-grey with a green tiled roof. The garden is bounded by a small stone wall.



SECTION of the spacious lounge taken from the dining-room. Wide doors lead on to the rear terrace, where tea is always served in good weather. Mr. and Mrs. Inglis Moore are adding a wistaria walk and a lily pond to the garden.

TERRACES shaded by spreading gum trees are a feature of the front and rear sections of the Inglis Moores' house in Canberra. Doorways from every room on the ground floor open on to these terraces. These, including the fireplaces, were constructed from stone brought from the Inglis Moores' family estate near Camden, N.S.W.

To link the house with the garden, small wild flowers, thyme, aubretia, rock daisy, and blue periwinkles thrive in pockets of the terrace paving.

The rear gardens are grouped around

an irregularly shaped lawn simulating a map of Australia.

Keen gardeners, Mr. and Mrs. Inglis Moore have collected an amazing range of wild flowers and shrubs.

A circular rose bed has been placed in front of the kitchen windows so that Mrs. Inglis Moore can enjoy the color and fragrance of the blooms while preparing the meals.

Mrs. Inglis Moore chose pastel colors for the interior walls. Strong color accents are given by the furnishings.

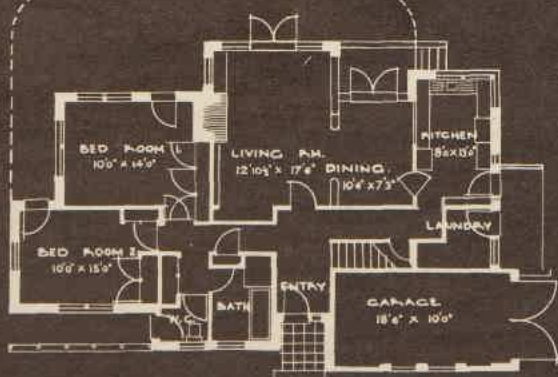
Among the beautiful paintings which decorate the walls is a Gruner original, a treasured gift from Dame Mary Gilmore.—EVE GYE.



ABOVE: Mrs. Inglis Moore relaxes on the terrace which opens off the dining-room. BELOW: Mr. Inglis Moore at work in his study. Noted as a poet and critic, Mr. Inglis Moore is also Senior Lecturer in Pacific Studies at Canberra University College.



GROUND PLAN of the Inglis Moore house at Canberra designed by architect H. L. Divola. A shallow staircase leads from the entrance hall to the spacious study above.



REAR VIEW of house shows the design of the study, which is set into the pitch of the roof. This picture was taken from the lawn, which is shaped to resemble the outline of Australia. Mr. Inglis Moore built most of the terraces.

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Michael was more orthodox with his brush.

"Is that really me?" she exclaimed.

"Do you like it?" Michael urged. "Mind you, everyone won't recognise you at first. This is a new medium I'm developing. Photographic art is on the way out, you know. This is not Picasso or Dali—it's me expressing myself as I want to. I can see you in that; truly I can. And you're quite lovely, Angela."

"Thank you, darling," said Angela lightly, with a little bow.

Michael looked at her adoringly, but all Angela said was, "You look pinched and hungry. You've done enough starving in garrets for today. Let's dig up a meal somewhere."

Spring came to King's Cross.

The trees in the streets were simply bursting into green. The bright striped awnings were coming out over the cafes and restaurants. There was a heavenly smell of spring flowers. Among the foreign community there was an equally heavenly smell of spring garlic. The birds were shouting madly. The warm sunshine flooded down on the pocket handkerchief of a park flanking Macleay Street. At night the lovers walked under the moonlight.

The spring poems poured in on Angela. Her typewriter was decorated with a new spring ribbon. Soon she had to buy another one, as the poets deluged her with odes and rhapsodies.

The night was made hideous to the other occupants of the building as Angela hammered away at the poems. Some of the older, more sophisticated inhabitants knew that the poems would taper off during the summer, and took comfort from the knowledge. But it didn't help Michael, to whom the spring brought no rapture except the secret worship of Angela.

Things were not going well with Michael. Angela found him on one particularly thrilling morning gazing out of the studio window with shoulders hunched. Her heart bled for him as she glimpsed the defeat in him.

"I've come to see if you have any milk," she said meekly. "I've been typing all night and I'm fagged out. What's more, Mr. Hawkins, one of my regulars, will soon be here with more work for me to do, and it won't be spring poems. I'm fed up with them!"

"I'm a failure," said Michael, turning around from the window, with despair in his face. "My family was right. They said I was a fool to think I could ever be an artist. I guess I was meant to be a clerk."

"You're not a failure!" cried Angela indignantly. "Your pictures are beautiful!"

"But nobody knows what they mean, and nobody wants to buy them," said Michael.

"That's because people are stupid," Angela said. "Give

Continuing . . . Art for Angela's Sake

[from page 3]

them time and they'll understand what you're trying to paint."

"But even you don't understand them," said Michael. "You still don't know whether that's a picture of antelopes or flying fish—and neither do I."

"It doesn't matter," Angela said. "You're doing something original, something that means something to someone. All I'm doing is typing someone else's words. At least you're creating something first-hand; I'm just a second-hand purveyor of literature."

"It's sweet of you to say so," said Michael, "but I'm still a crashing failure, and I think I'll have to leave here soon."

"Oh, no!"

Michael started violently at the distress in Angela's voice, but before he could say anything the bulky figure of a man, with a pile of papers under his arm, heaved into the studio.

"Excuse me," he said, "I was looking for—oh, there you are!"

"Mr. Hawkins!" said Angela. "I'm sorry if I kept you waiting. This is my friend, Michael Leonard."

"The usual guff," said Mr. Hawkins, handing her some papers, "only maybe there's more than usual because it's spring. The new spring fabrics are pretty exciting, you know—well, you'll soon know once you start typing all this."

Mr. Hawkins was casting his eyes around Michael's studio.

"Say," he said at last, "you've got some nice stuff here, Mr. Leonard."

"I beg your pardon," said Michael uncertainly.

"I said you've got some nice stuff here," said Mr. Hawkins.

Michael looked at him with an amazed kind of vacuity.

In a sort of daze which Angela shared, he watched Mr. Hawkins pick up the controversial picture of many blobs.

"Now here's the sort of picture that has depth," declaimed Mr. Hawkins. "This means something."

"What does it mean to you?" Michael demanded.

Mr. Hawkins flung out his arm in a sweeping gesture. "It means depth!" he cried. "It means the wide, open spaces! The exultation of limitless horizons!"

"Kenya?" asked Michael anxiously. "Great herds of antelopes sweeping across the veldt?"

"Exactly," said Mr. Hawkins.

"Not shoals of flying-fish?"

"Certainly not," said Mr. Hawkins. "Antelopes."

Mr. Hawkins inspected some more canvases.

"Don't let's beat about the bush, Mr. Leonard," he said. "How much do you want for them?"

Michael gazed blankly.

design will look on our sofa," she said.

"On our sofa?" Michael repeated. "Are you telling me that we're going to be married?"

"Of course I am, muggins," Angela said. "I think I've been in love with you ever since I borrowed that sugar."

"But what about my art?" Michael asked.

"Blow your art!" Angela repeated. "Do you want me, or don't you?"

For answer, Michael suddenly grinned and turned to Mr. Hawkins, who was observing the scene with undisguised fascination.

"I've just thought of a splendid design for a chair cover," said Michael. "A grey desert scene with dark green cactus plants. A sense of space and imagination. A chair of illimitable dreams!"

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Mr. Hawkins.

Michael opened his arms wide and Angela flew into them. Mr. Hawkins slipped quietly out of the studio.

"I'll call back later with a contract," he murmured. But nobody heard him.

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Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



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- No more than one entry is to be submitted in each envelope.
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stuff which might be uncut diamonds," he said doubtfully. "What! You have?" Warwick shouted. "Send them over here!"

Fifteen minutes later a detective arrived with the uncut stones, and Tim Lake looked at them. They had the greasy feel and the frosted look of genuine "rough," but they were synthetic. The tests left no doubt of it.

"Another link between Mercer, Tempest, and Hunziger," Warwick said jubilantly. "This job is going like a dream. We'll catch that slippery devil and hang him."

In that mood of savage geniality he turned to his prisoner. With murder as the next item on the agenda, the ex-jeweller was in some haste to establish an alibi. He admitted that the dollars-for-diamonds deal had been consummated in his hotel room between nine and ten o'clock the previous night.

Afterward, from ten to midnight, he had been steadily drinking Scotch and soda in the hotel bar, and then had gone straight up to bed. The waiter and the porter and the upstairs maid could back up his story, he said.

"That has to be verified," said Warwick. "You're not in the clear. It was Hunziger who brought you the diamonds and took off with the dollars—wasn't it?"

"I never knew the guy's name," said Mercer.

"What was he like?"

"I didn't notice."

"About what age was he?"

"I can't remember."

"Look here," said Warwick in exasperation. "That man has swindled you and involved you in a murder. You could still be an accessory. And don't forget, if you get ten or fifteen years in this country you'll serve your sentence. Cold cells at Dartmoor, and killing work in the quarries. No talking, no smoking, and precious little to eat. It's horrible, man!"

Mercer was shaken by the not-quite-truthful picture of penal servitude, but he didn't break down. "I'm not talking," he said.

"You're helping Hunziger to get away. He'll take a cool million abroad. He'll be having a lovely time with the girls while you're looking through the bars and longing for a smoke."

"I'm not talking," said Mercer.

"I can't understand you," said Warwick. "This man has done you down. You've nothing to be afraid of. He has no mob behind him. He's a lone wolf, and when we catch him he'll swing. There's no reason for you to keep your mouth shut."

"I never blabbed to the cops," said Mercer, "and I never will."

So it went on. While the renewed hue and cry for Hunziger gathered momentum, Warwick sweated Mercer for hours. But the prisoner would give no information. At last the Yard man gave up, temporarily. He took Norton out to a pub.

"I'm afraid I was overconfident," he admitted, as they sat at a bar, eating turkey sandwiches and drinking ale. "The job was going too fast, and now it's broken down. I don't know what the devil to make of Mercer. Why won't he talk?"

"Tradition," Norton said solemnly.

"The obstinate blighter," said Warwick. "I'd like to bang his head against a wall."

"Why not? Why don't you get rough with him?"

"If he were British it would have been done, long since. But

he's an American citizen. I don't want a consular inquiry about rough treatment. Bad for my promotion."

"I wish I could get a clear picture of Tempest's connection with the job," Warwick went on uneasily. "It sounds slightly incredible, but it looks as if he were the man who made those fake diamonds. After all, somebody made them. But why did he have dealings with a fellow like Hunziger?"

"It looks as if Hunziger had been entrusted with the diamonds to sell. He sold them, and then went back and gave Tempest the chop. Why in heaven did he do that? He was in possession of a million dollars, and all that he had to do was disappear."

"He went back to get the diamond-making process, and then he killed Tempest to keep him quiet," said Norton. "That epitomises a whole pattern of existence. A man uses his patience, capital and knowledge in making a great discovery. Then some crook not fit to walk within a hundred miles of him comes along and takes everything. That's what always happens when thieves come in contact with creative men. It burns me to see them getting away with it."

"Hold on a minute," said Warwick. "If Tempest was accessory to the sale of four hundred home-made diamonds for a million dollars he was a bit of a thief himself."

"No," Norton replied. "That doesn't sound like Tempest at all." He tapped an evening newspaper which lay on the bar. "I've been reading his obituary. He must have been a fine man. In his lifetime he passed up a lot of chances to make himself rich. He wouldn't join in a swindle."

Continuing . . . The Bowstring Murder

from page 5

"Suppose he'd used up all his capital? You can put that in your pattern of existence—what many a good man has to do for the sake of the ready."

"That wouldn't make Tempest turn crooked. I'm sure of it."

"You think Tempest was kidded along, swindled, robbed of his secret and murdered?"

"That's what I think," Norton said grimly.

There was a thoughtful silence; then Warwick said, "The only thing we can do is keep on trying to soften up Mercer. Let's go and have another session with him."

As the day drew to its close, the search for Hunziger required more and more men. The word was out to all districts, from Dover to Holyhead and from Plymouth to Aberdeen. The newspapers had the story, too. They did not know that the great sum in dollars was stolen money, but it was still a perfect story. MILLION-DOLLAR FUGITIVE, the headlines shouted.

Throughout the rest of the day and night, thousands of men were questioned and dozens arrested and released, but Hunziger was not seen.

There were many reports from civilian sources, but not one of them led the police to the wanted man. Several crackpots gave themselves up at police stations, to be kicked out by irritable detectives when it was found that they were not and could not have been Hunziger.

"I'm scared," Warwick admitted. "I'm afraid he scampered before you even arrived in town. We're making no progress. Midnight, and we haven't even found Tempest's

laboratory. I hope Tim Lake was right about those stones. He's good, but I'd have felt safer with Grafton Devine. With him we'd be certain."

Still, whether or not he had made the diamonds, Tempest had not been the sort of man to be idle. He would have had a laboratory somewhere. Every routine means had been used to find his name in connection with premises away from his home, and now it was feared that he had operated his laboratory under a false name or a company name. But the labor of seeking, telephoning, and questioning went on, as the minutes and hours marched away.

It was four o'clock in the morning when the first information came in. It was from an unexpected quarter. A constable on night duty out at Potter's Bar had been gossiping with the watchman of a brickyard.

The watchman had also been a truck driver for the same firm. He had seen Tempest's picture in the "Evening Standard," and he was quite sure that he had delivered several loads of high-grade firebricks to him at a place in Rotherhithe about three years before.

The constable called up the manager of the brickyard, who referred him to the firm's London traveller. The traveller said, "Rotherhithe. I remember. It was a single order. Afterwards I called regularly for a time, but the place was always locked up. The address is the Old Brewery, Tobago Lane."

Warwick and Norton were still at Scotland Yard when the news was transmitted to the Information Room.

"Rotherhithe," said Warwick. "Let's go there."

Policeman in revolt

A VICTORIAN police sergeant who was transferred to a country district was appalled at the plight of the aborigines in the tin- and bag-humpy quarter of the town.

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He drove across Westminster Bridge toward south-east London. The car made good time along the empty streets.

In Jamaica Road, they met an elderly sergeant of M Division. "You can't mistake it," he said. "It stands by itself in the middle of bombed-out ground. Turn left at Lower Road."

They found Tobago Lane within sight of the cranes, masts, and funnels of the Surrey Commercial Docks. The lane itself was a stretch of cobbles across ground which had once been covered with warehouses. But the Old Brewery had been spared. In the middle of the cleared ground it stood alone, an L-shaped

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Continuing . . The Bowstring Murder

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building with a stubby, square chimney stack.

They left the car and approached on foot. Looking around, they found that the place was locked up, as the traveller in bricks had found it so many times.

"There's a window here might do," said Warwick, taking out his penknife.

He slipped the catch and opened the window. They climbed through, into a dusty storeroom. From there they walked into a long laboratory furnished with benches and ovenlike metallurgical furnaces.

Those small furnaces could not possibly have raised the almost atomic heat which would be necessary to make diamonds. There would have to be something bigger. The two men moved along, looking for it. They stepped quietly on the stone floor.

At the end of the room there was a small office, and opposite to it was a big alcove. Most of the alcove was occupied by empty oil drums which were piled precariously almost to the ceiling, but in a small, cleared-off space a huge flagstone had been tilted by some mechanism, so that it gave access to a cellar. The investigators stopped when they saw it.

"Our man's been here," Warwick whispered.

"Correct. Don't move," said someone behind them. "Now put your hands up."

They stood still while they were deftly searched. Then the voice said, "All right. Turn around."

They turned, and saw a man of medium height, ordinary in general appearance. But the eyes in his dark, sardonic face were not ordinary. They were so black that iris and pupil seemed to glow with the same flat, disturbing intensity. In that moment of strain they were like the eyes of some predatory animal.

The man held a Luger pistol in his right hand, and there was a suitcase on the floor at his left. Obviously he had been hiding behind one of the furnaces.

Because he knew the man, Warwick was less apprehensive than he ought to have been. "Devine!" he exclaimed. "How do you come into this? I thought—" He stopped, then said, "No wonder you weren't in your office yesterday. You were busy! You're Hunziger!"

"To my friends," he said coolly. "How nice for you! Grafton Devine, the diamond expert, moving freely among the big stuff, picking your jobs. Ye

gods, the police have been slow!"

"On the contrary, I should congratulate you," said Hunziger. "I didn't think you would find this place so soon."

Norton was looking at the suitcase. "The plunder, huh?" he said. "Have you got it all?"

"Of course. But—An American? Why are you here?"

"Looking for the money you've got there."

"So it was stolen money. I wondered about that. No matter. It can be changed easily enough in France."

"How long have you been here?" asked Warwick.

"I'll answer that one, too. In fact, it's a pleasant change to talk to somebody. I've been here eighteen hours, culling information from Tempest's files. I've got all I want, except details of the actual plant. I must see that. Unfortunately I had to move a lot of filthy oil drums to find the cellar entrance. I'd just got it open when you arrived."

"How did you get in with Tempest?"

"My dear Warwick, you forget my reputation. Even Scotland Yard consults me. Tempest came to me in strictest confidence and asked me how to go about the business of selling synthetic diamonds. Very interesting! I told him to keep quiet while I looked around for a market, and the rest was easy."

"Ralph Mercer was your market," said Norton. "How much did Tempest want for his diamonds?"

"He was delighted with an imaginary offer of sixty thousand dollars for the four hundred stones he had ready," Hunziger replied. "He entrusted them to me without a murmur."

"And you sold them for a million and murdered the poor guy to get his secret," Norton said contemptuously.

The cold voice cut Hunziger's complacency like a whiplash. His dark glance appraised Norton, and he felt the other man's enmity. His response in the circumstances was typical: a mocking smile.

"Yes," he said. "Apparently you know it all, but you won't live to talk about it. Now I want to see what is downstairs. Go on down those steps. Turn on those lights. And, remember, don't try anything. I'm a practised hand with a pistol."

They walked down stairs fitted with rubber mats.

The cellar had two floors,

each as large as the room above, but for two-thirds of their area they were packed to the ceiling with earth and rubble. This obviously had been taken from a wide semi-circular shaft which had been sunk a good thirty feet down beyond the lower floor.

Rising from the shaft was a tapering tower of yellow fire-brick. It leaned slightly, and where it joined the cellar wall below the square chimney there were round, white doors like staring eyes. From the lower floor, thick, asbestos-covered pipes snaked down to its base.

"That's a furnace," said Hunziger. "The narrowest, hottest furnace you'll ever see. I expected something like this. It is nothing less than an artificial volcanic pipe. Unprecedented heat in a confined space. Tempest has reproduced the conditions under which nature made diamonds."

There was a deep humming sound, and the floor of the cellar began to vibrate. "What's that?" Hunziger snapped, alert and vicious. He was a changed man. His pistol became an active menace.

Someone answered him calmly, but in a voice of thunder. "You have less than ten minutes to get out of here."

"That's Frederick Tempest!" Warwick gasped.

The voice went on, "This is the only sure way of protecting my secrets. When you walked down the stairs you stepped on a switch. In ten minutes, which is the length of this record, the place will be on fire from end to end. The fans are driving vaporised fuel into the cold furnace. It will ignite at a certain pressure and burn explosively enough to burst the furnace. Get out now, while you have the chance."

The voice stopped, and there was no sound but the humming of the powerful fans. They seemed to shake the whole building.

The listeners had instinctively edged nearer to the cellar steps. Hunziger was at the foot, while his captives stood apart, five yards away from him. He was smiling again. The others could almost read his thoughts. This would be a sweet cremation job. It was just a pity he hadn't been able to examine the furnace.

Warwick and Norton stood helpless, white-faced, as they looked at death. They were brave men, and all they asked was a fighting chance; but they were also human, and death was unwelcome. Norton's

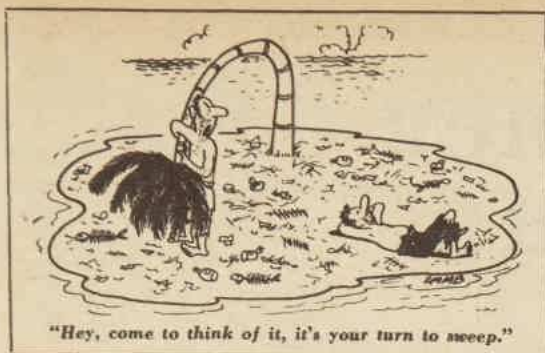
To page 67

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LARGE MOTIFS of ballerinas and bridesmaids and smaller motifs of butterflies and flowers are featured on embroidery transfer sheet No. 222. The designs require only simple stitches so that in very quick time you can decorate linens. The sheet measures 24in. x 48in. Price 2/6, from our Needlework Department. See address on page 78.



Continuing The Bowstring Murder

from page 66

glance showed his angry unwillingness to accept the final defeat from this smooth murderer.

The disembodied voice began again. "You have less than six minutes to get out . . ." And as Hunzinger's gun shifted to point at Norton's heart, the fighting chance came.

There was a great crash overhead, then a confused bumping and rolling. Hunzinger had been careless in piling the oil drums, and the vibration of the fans had overbalanced a shaky stack. One stout drum came rolling and bounding down the cellar stairs.

Hunzinger turned involuntarily, and, hampered by the suitcase in his left hand, jumped to avoid the drum. In that instant his two enemies leaped into action, and the simultaneous attack confused him.

His pistol wavered before he fired. His bullet grazed Norton's head; then he went down, with both men on top of him. Warwick grabbed the gun, while Norton got strong fingers inside Hunzinger's collar and in an excess of fury banged his head hard and often on the stone floor.

Tempest's voice was still calmly announcing his warning. Warwick dragged and heaved the half-conscious Hunzinger up the cellar steps, and Norton followed with the suitcase. They did not stop until they were at a safe distance from the building.

It was a good explosion. There was a heavy rumbling sound, and then the building appeared to have burst a blood vessel. The windows had a dull red suffused look, and the walls seemed to swell. Then the windows flew out, and soon the place was a roofless ruin from which solid, perpendicular flames roared skyward.

Warwick called the fire brigade and returned to stare ruefully at the blaze. "What a fuddy job this has turned out to be," he grumbled. "You tread on the mat and set the place alight. Let's go. We can't just stand here watching a fire."

At Bow Street, Mercer was roused and brought into the Charge Room to confront Hunzinger. He immediately rushed at the man and struck him before he could be dragged away. "I figure they've met before," said Norton dryly. "You could call that a sort of identification."

He opened the suitcase and removed two loose-leaf books. Beneath the books, flat bundles of brand-new hundred-dollar bills were neatly packed: sixteen bundles in a layer of six layers, and four bundles over. It was all there—one million dollars.

He checked numbers from a notebook and closely examined some of the bills. "This is it, for sure," he said.

Warwick grinned. "Now, let battle commence. The money belongs to the United States, but the British Treasury will object to a million dollars going out of the country if it wasn't declared when it was brought in."

"There'll be no trouble," said Norton. "It'll go to the Bank of England to be repulsed in the presence of the usual witnesses."

Hunzinger was recovering. "Counterfeit!" he said bitterly.

"As crooked as you are," said Norton. "It was made by the Germans during the war, as an item of currency sabotage. But it was never issued, and our troops found it after the war and sent it to Washington. Most of it was destroyed, but some sap in the Treasury thought he'd like to have a million dollars right there in his office. Well, somebody talked, and it was stolen. My task was to recover it before it got into circulation."

Hunzinger looked with hatred at Ralph Mercer.

"Don't blame him," said Norton with false sympathy. "He was the biggest sucker of all time. He never knew anything."

Mercer was not insulted. He no longer had to worry about having been swindled out of a million dollars. His reputation as an honest illegal trader in gems was intact.

Warwick drew Norton aside. "Why didn't you tell me it was snide money?" he asked reproachfully.

"Sorry, old man," was the reply. "My orders were to tell nobody till I'd gotten the stuff. Besides, you might have lost interest in it. You see, I had to get it at any cost."

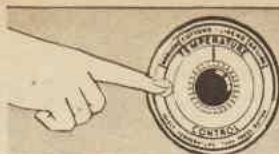
The Scotland Yard man sighed, and nodded to admit the wisdom of Norton's reticence. The sum of one million dollars had appealed to his imagination. But a gleam came into his eyes as he looked at Hunzinger. "I've got him, anyway," he said.

The American agent went to the table and picked up the loose-leaf books. He glanced through them, letting the edges of the pages fall away from his thumb. He looked at the titles: Carbon Treatment, and Heat and Pressure. Hunzinger appeared to have been knowledgeable in his selection of material. Obviously the two books contained the summation of Tempest's years of research.

"The value of this'll be in industrial diamonds," said Norton. "The miners and engineers of the world need them. And our Mr. Hunzinger preserved this knowledge for posterity. If he'd looked in the cellar before he made his notes, everything would have been destroyed. There's a certain irony in that. Yes, sir, a certain irony. Poor Tempest is dead, but wherever he is I think he'll be satisfied with the outcome of this. His own arrangements helped to make it so no crook got anything out of the deal."

The rasp came into his voice as he looked at the prisoners. "You hear that, you fools? You were licked from the start."

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Until now, you could enjoy a fully automatic washing machine only if you had a hot water system. Even then, four out of five systems couldn't cope with its needs. People who did instal a fully automatic machine found it used up most of their precious hot water and ran up big gas or electricity bills, too.

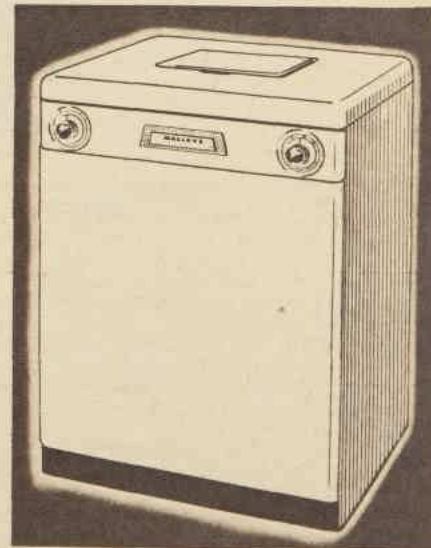
Now, Malley's introduces the first fully automatic washing machine that doesn't need a hot water system — because it heats its own water, right up to boiling point. You save pounds on gas or electricity bills and plenty of other ways, too. Firstly, it's the only automatic with a 12-lb. capacity. That means you can do your week's wash in two loads instead of the three needed on any other automatic.

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hours of monotonous, time-wasting drying-up. Trix is a modern "miracle" detergent that virtually works by itself. Trix-in-water has the effect of "swallowing" grease and particles of waste . . . absorbing them right into the water itself—to be flushed down the drain, *not re-deposited on the dishes*. When you wash-up in suds, you have to dry-up to remove the soap streaks

and film. But Trix is not "sudsy"—every plate, every glass, every cup comes out gleaming; you just stack everything in the rack—to dry sparkling clean, with not a trace of film or streaking. And how much *cleaner* it is to wash-up with Trix. Through a microscope you'd see that normally-washed plates teem with bacteria—but Trix-washed dishes are so germ-free they might have come out of a steriliser! Finally, a word about the *economy* of Trix. It's so highly concentrated that one teaspoonful is all you need for a big family wash-up. Don't let another day go by without trying Trix yourself.



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Trix is a "wiz" for practically
every household cleaning job.



Serve it on *ICE*

● Give an air of cool elegance to simple dishes by using crushed ice lavishly when serving them.



SAVORY STUFFED EGGS. Sliced tomato, cucumber, and white onion make an appetizing luncheon with salad snippets served on ice.

THE preparation of crushed ice is quite simple. Make ice blocks in the usual way and wrap them in a clean, old tea-towel. Break blocks first with a hammer. Then, holding the tea-towel firmly by the four corners swing it against a hard surface until the ice is well crushed.

Colored crushed ice is pretty for use with sweet dishes. Add food coloring to water and then make the ice-blocks in the usual way.

It is important of course to crush the ice and arrange it on the dishes at the last moment before serving. Spoon measurements in all our recipes are level.

SALAD SNIPPETS SERVED ON ICE

Salad garnishes and accompaniments such as radishes, celery curls, parsley, carrot curls, gherkins, and

olives are crisp, cool, and refreshing served on ice.

Celery curls: Cut fresh young celery sticks into 2in. lengths. Using a sharp knife cut down each piece 4 or 5 times to within $\frac{1}{2}$ in. of the bottom. Drop into icy water to curl.

Radishes (Long type): Scrape very lightly, cut into 2in. lengths and cut into thin slices, without cutting each slice completely through. Drop into iced water.

Radish roses: Remove fibres from radishes, make 4 or 6 cuts from the root end, cutting through towards the top. Drop into iced water.

Carrot curls: Cut paper-thin, lengthwise slices of carrot with a sharp knife. Pleat up, secure with a cocktail stick, drop into iced water. Remove stick before serving.

SAVORY SNACKS

(Serve any of these with savory snippets on ice.)

Savory Stuffed Eggs: Six hard-boiled eggs, 2 teaspoons butter, 1 teaspoon grated onion, salt and cayenne pepper to taste.

Remove shells from eggs, carefully cut in halves lengthwise. Carefully remove yolks, place in basin,

shallots, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup mayonnaise, chopped chives.

Place all vegetables in large bowl, add shallots and mayonnaise. Toss lightly to mix, chill and turn into a serving dish, sprinkle with chopped chives.

Clove-stuck apricots with cottage cheese: Apricot halves, cloves, softened cottage cheese.

Shape cottage cheese into small balls and press between 2 apricot halves. Stick with a few cloves.

Chill well.

OYSTERS ON THE SHELL

(Cover a plate with finely crushed ice and arrange the oysters on it.)

Fresh oysters, lemon juice, salt, pepper, brown bread and butter, piquant sauce.

Wash or scrub the unopened oysters; open shells just before serving and remove beards from oysters. Serve on a bed of crushed ice. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, and lemon juice. Piquant sauce and rolled brown bread and butter are served with the oysters.

Piquant Sauce: Combine 1 teaspoon prepared horseradish sauce, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce. Mix thoroughly and chill before serving.

PRAWN AND GRAPEFRUIT COCKTAIL

(Save your stemmed grapefruit glasses for another occasion. This time use a half-grapefruit as a serving dish — and present it nestling in a bed of ice on a tiny plate.)

Two large grapefruit, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. prawns, salt and pepper to taste, 1 dessertspoon mayonnaise, 1 tablespoon tomato juice, lettuce leaves.

Cut grapefruit in halves, cut out pulp. Remove as much white pith as possible. Cut pulp into small cubes, mix with shelled chopped prawns — reserving 4 whole prawns for garnishing. Season to taste with salt and pepper, then toss with

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

mash thoroughly with a fork. Add softened butter, beat until smooth. Mix with onion juice, salt and pepper. Spoon into egg-whites. Serve garnished with baby lettuce leaves.

Vegetable Salad: Two cups diced cooked potato, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup diced celery, 1 cup cooked cubed carrot, 1 cup cooked green peas, 3 finely chopped



VEGETABLE SALAD sprinkled with chopped chives, apricot halves sandwiched with cottage cheese, and sliced green pepper all go well with the salad platter shown at the top of the page.

JELLIED TOMATO JUICE

(Serve in bouillon cups, place on matching plates and surround with finely crushed ice.)

Two dessertspoons gelatine, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup hot water, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint tomato juice, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 thin slice of onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon meat extract, 1 dessertspoon chopped chives (or more if liked), $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cold water, cucumber slices and parsley to garnish.

Dissolve gelatine in the hot water. Place tomato juice, sugar, salt, cayenne, lemon juice, onion, and meat extract into a saucepan. Add the cold water, bring to the boil. Simmer 5 or 6 minutes. Strain to remove onion. When cool add chopped chives and dissolved gelatine. Turn into a wetted dish, chill until set. Leave in the dish and chop thoroughly using 2 knives. Spoon into bouillon cups placed on serving plates, then surround the cups with crushed ice. Garnish with twisted cucumber slices and parsley sprigs. Serves 4 or 5.

AVOCADO APPETISER

(The flesh of an avocado pear is nutty in flavor and has the consistency of butter. Fresh and just ripe they are delicious eaten "as is." Cut the avocado in two, remove the large stone, nestle it into a bed of crushed ice with a lettuce leaf under it, and eat it. Or serve as we suggest.)

Four avocado halves, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup spicy tomato sauce, 1 dessertspoon each horseradish and Worcestershire sauces, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 tablespoons mayonnaise, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt.

Blend sauces, then add lemon juice, mayonnaise, and salt. Chill thoroughly. Just before serving divide avocado between 4 or 5 shallow glass dishes, stand the dishes in small sweets dishes or saucers, and surround with crushed ice. Add a little sauce to each serving.

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CRUSTY baked fish fillets, served with cucumber sauce and green peas. See prize-winning recipe below.

Baked fish wins prize

Crusty baked fillets of fish, served with cucumber sauce, win the main prize of £5 in this week's recipe contest.

TARTARE sauce may be served instead of the cucumber sauce.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

CRUSTY BAKED FISH

Five or six flathead fillets, 3 tablespoons milk, salt and pepper, pinch herbs, 3 cups crushed cornflakes, lemon slices, parsley.

Wash and dry fish, remove dark skin. Mix salt, pepper, herbs, and milk. Dip fish in milk, coat with cornflakes. Place on greased oven-tray, bake in hot oven 15 minutes

or until soft. Serve hot with cucumber sauce, garnish with lemon and parsley.

Cucumber Sauce: Peel, slice, and chop 1 medium cucumber and 1 small onion. Place in saucepan with $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water, cook until soft. Drain and reserve liquid to use later. Melt 1 tablespoon shortening, add 2 tablespoons flour, cook over low heat 2 or 3 minutes. Stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk and reserved stock, continue stirring until sauce boils, simmer 2 minutes. Add cucumber, onion, and a few drops lemon

juice, season with salt and pepper.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. G. Schmidt, Hale St., Renmark, S.A.

Baby's layette

By SISTER MARY JACOB,
Our Mothercraft Nurse

SUITABLE clothes are necessary for baby's well-being and comfort.

A baby's first clothes should be made with provision for adjustment by the use of tucks and smocking that are easy to let out as the child grows.

Patterns of a complete 12-piece layette, which includes nightgowns, dresses, carrying-coat, matinee jacket, under-shirt, flannel pilchers, bonnet, booties, bib, and mittens, may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 3/6, post free.

Tony's Luxury Dish

Spaghetti a la Peers

Spaghetti has become a very popular dish in Australia. I have dedicated this concoction to a very great gourmet and a lover of spaghetti—Donald Peers, the singer.

THE quantities given in the recipe below will allow generous helpings for six persons.

One pound spaghetti, 2 chopped onions, 2 tablespoons unsalted butter, 1 tablespoon olive oil, 6 fresh tomatoes, peeled, chopped finely, and cooked, 1 cup chicken stock, 6 to 8 sliced mushrooms, 4 diced artichoke bottoms, 1 cup of diced fresh prawns, a little garlic, 1 teaspoon of chopped parsley, a little pepper, 1 cup parmesan cheese, grated, salt.

Brown onions in a saucepan with the oil and the butter, add tomatoes and the chicken stock. Saute mushrooms, artichoke bottoms, and the prawns, mix them into the sauce, add the parsley, the garlic, and correct the seasoning.

Cook the spaghetti in boiling salted water for 16 minutes, drain, and place in serving dish. Sprinkle with grated cheese, pour the sauce over the spaghetti, mix well, and serve very hot. Pass extra grated parmesan cheese separately.

If preferred, vermicelli may be used instead of spaghetti for this dish.

FAMILY DISH

ECONOMICAL round or chuck steak is flavored with sauces, nutmeg, and vegetables to make the appetising hot-pot which is this week's family dish. It costs about 5/6 and serves four or five people.

SHARP STEAK HOT-POT WITH VEGETABLES

One and a half pounds round or chuck steak, 2 tablespoons seasoned flour, 2 tablespoons chopped onion, 2 tablespoons fat, 2 to 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups stock or water, salt and pepper to taste, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, pinch nutmeg, $\frac{1}{4}$ to 2 cups diced vegetables such as carrots, parsnips, celery, and turnip.

Remove excess fat from steak, cut into cubes. Coat with seasoned flour, brown thoroughly in hot fat, adding chopped onion while cooking. Stir frequently to brown evenly. Add balance of flour, brown lightly, then stir in stock or water, salt and pepper to taste, vinegar, Worcestershire sauce, tomato sauce, brown sugar, and nutmeg. Stir occasionally until simmering point is reached. Cover tightly and continue simmering 1 hour, or prepare in pressure-cooker and pressure-cook 15 minutes. Add vegetables to saucepan and cook further 30 minutes, or reduce pressure in pressure-cooker, add vegetables, and pressure-cook further 15 minutes. Serve piping-hot with potatoes.

Theatre tonight?

Just remember, that a shower or bath is not much protection against a few hours' close contact in a heated theatre.

Everybody perspires, some more than others. It's healthy, it's natural. Unfortunately, when perspiration comes in contact with air, a bacterial change takes place, which becomes unpleasant.

Pleasant-tasting Chloro-PHILLIES stop perspiration odours before they start, and a special instant-acting ingredient helps give you a sweet and wholesome breath.

Be flower-fresh in breath and body. Eat Chloro-PHILLIES deodorant tablets daily... two for body and one for breath. It's the safe way to ensure that you're "nice to be near."



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IN SHAMPOOS**



"To bring out the hidden highlights of your hair," says popular model Virginia Gray, "use Colinated Coconut Oil Foam Shampoo." This pure, positively neutral, greaseless shampoo—free from all harsh detergents—cannot possibly injure nor change the colour of hair. A couple of teaspoonsful cleanses hair of every sign of dirt, dandruff or excess oiliness—from roots to tips—completely. Your hair dries quickly and evenly—coming out thick, silken-soft and shining—and far easier to dress and set.

Insist on
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FOAM SHAMPOO



LASIANDRA, a beautiful flowering shrub. There are several varieties, but the best garden variety is said to be *Edwardsii*. The *lasiandra* has a beautiful open purple flower with sickle-shaped stamens, but *Rosea* variety is dwarf with mauve-pink flowers.

March is the time to

... plan for planting trees and shrubs, fertilise citrus trees, watch for bean fly, keep winter vegetable seedlings moving, store gladioli bulbs.

HERALDING autumn, March is an important time in the garden.

The tree and shrub planting season is approaching and it is good to plan now for additions to your collection.

Spend time browsing over your plant catalogues or in friends' gardens which are well supplied with shrubs before making your choice.

Evergreen shrubs are a necessity in every garden, as they provide a contrast to deciduous plants in winter and the larger ones maintain the garden's privacy.

Many of them have exquisite flowers. A summer-autumn beauty which should not be overlooked is the *lasiandra*, a hardy plant except where heavy frosts occur.

Most of the varieties have purple flowers, but one low-growing species, *L. microphylla*, has a rosy tinge.

L. Edwardsii is the best known variety. It grows to about 8 feet and is very free flowering.

L. macrantha grandiflora is the aristocrat of the group. With its very large flowers carried on compact growth, it is a particularly showy shrub.

It requires shelter from wind or the flowers will be damaged.

Lasiandras need an occasional pruning in early spring to keep them shapely.

An evergreen ideally suited to the small garden is *ochna*. It is a slow grower, eventually reaching 5 or 6 feet.

Ochna is very hardy, withstands all manner of harsh conditions, and seems to do well anywhere.

In spring, the massed yellow flowers are very gay against the dark green small leaves.

Do not prune this shrub after flowering, because in summer clusters of black berries are produced on bright red bracts.

Another excellent little shrub for the small garden is

choisya, which is suited to sun or semi-shade.

It is symmetrical, grows to about 4 feet, has bright shiny green leaves, and small, sweet-scented white flowers in spring.

Its common name is Mexican orange blossom.



OCHNA is a charming shrub for the garden. It has yellow flowers followed by black berries with a scarlet bract.

Fertilise citrus trees.

Firstly weed around the tree, then stir the top inch or so of soil lightly.

On no account dig deeply, as citrus are surface rooters.

To small trees apply one of the following fertilisers: 2lb. blood and bone, 2 to 3lb. proprietary citrus mixtures, 1lb. sulphate of ammonia, or 1lb. nitrate of soda.

Fertiliser should be scattered evenly around the trees and then watered in.

GARDENING

If available, a mulch of animal manure or compost should be spread liberally over the top.

Watch for out bean fly on late crops of French beans or climbers.

The adult fly is black and about one-twelfth of an inch long.

Damage to the crops is done by the larvae, small, colorless, legless grubs, which destroy the inner tissues of the stem, so that the plants turn yellow and, if the infestation is heavy, fall over.

With light attacks, plants turn yellow, but provided the water supply is sufficient a crop will be produced.

It is worthwhile adopting control measures, which are to spray by adding 2 fluid oz. of 20 per cent. emulsion to 2½ gallons of water.

Spraying can be discontinued when flowering commences.

● Keep winter vegetables growing steadily.

Cabbage, cauliflower, and broccoli, which have been transplanted, benefit from an application of liquid manure, and carrots and parsnips must be kept weeded.

Water regularly while the soil is warm.

In districts as warm as Sydney, cabbages, cauliflowers, broccoli, turnips, broad beans, and leeks can still be sown.

● Lift late-flowering gladioli bulbs.

The stalk should be cut off about an inch above the bulb.

On no account pull it off, as this may easily damage the bud for next year's growth.

Store in a dry place until the stalk can be easily detached.

The dry husks must then be removed, as otherwise thrips will shelter there and feed on the bulb.

The husks easily rub off. They should be burnt and the bulbs dusted with DDT as a further precaution. Store in a dry, cool place.



Happy idea for Hurry-up Breakfasts!



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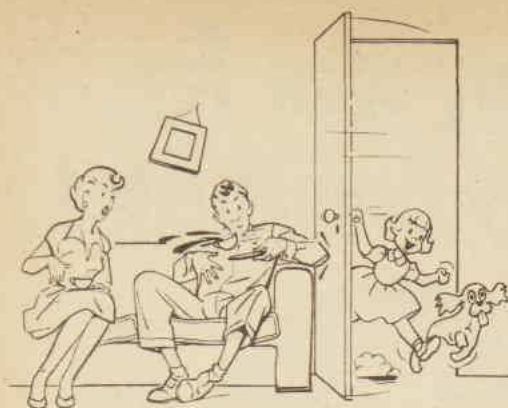
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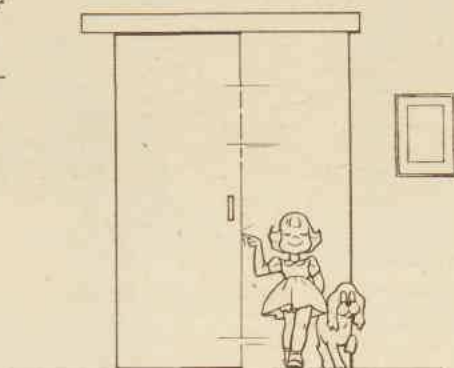
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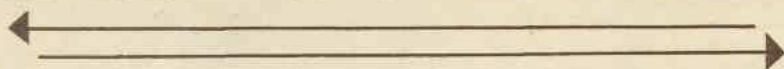


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*You can slide any size
or style of door on*

BANGOR
SLIDING DOOR TRACK

AVAILABLE FROM ALL HARDWARE STORES



SKETCH shows the completed conversion of an old circular
table into a garden-seat. A square or circular table could
be placed round a tree and used for outdoor meals.

Tree-shaded garden-seat

Mrs. P. Wilkinson, 46 Hickory St., Goondi
Bend, Innisfail, North Queensland, wins this
week's £3/3/- homemaker prize for telling
how she converted a solid circular table into
an attractive and useful garden-seat.

MRS. WILKINSON
was helped by her
12-year-old daughter.
Below she describes how they
effected the transfor-
mation:

"The first step of the conver-
sion was to cut the legs down,
until the table was standing
only 1 foot from the ground,"
she said.

"Then we sawed the table
in halves, and cut a half circle
in the centre of each side of
the table, big enough to fit
round the tree trunk.

"We placed the halves of the
table in position round the
tree trunk and secured them
together with slats of wood
screwed and nailed across the
centre joint of the seat.

"Finally we painted the cir-
cular seat white, and the legs
and sides a bright red.

"The seat can also be used
as a table for barbecues or for
afternoon teas."

Address your entries in this
popular contest — telling how
you converted something old
into something new — to The
Editor, Homemaker Depart-
ment.

Our new family knitting book

THERE are 51 attractive designs in The Australian
Women's Weekly Family Knitting Book, now on
sale for only 1/6.

Readers have constantly asked us for more hand-
knits for children, so we have collected designs from
England, Germany, Italy, America, Scandinavia, in
addition to several pretty and practical styles from
Australian experts, and presented the lot in this new,
colorful, 48-page knitting book.

This book is divided into four sections. In Part 1
you will see a range of cosy and appealing designs for
infants and toddlers. Part 2, which covers boys and
girls of 4 to 14 years, features plain and fancy
sweaters, cardigans and windbreakers, pullovers, some
with polo necks, bolero and pinafore frock, caps and
mittens. And for the real he-man the cowboy-inspired
cardigan will make him feel like Hopalong.

Part 3 features socks for the family. Part 4 contains
smart, practical, heart-warming designs for mother-
and-daughter and father-and-son wear. Many of
these new handknits are shown in color, and complete
directions are given for every design. Get your copy
now for 1/6 at your newsagent, any bookseller, or
from our head office.

F3541.—Softly styled, front-button frock designed for wool jersey. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6.

Fashion PATTERNS

FASHION Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 86-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F3544.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make pinafore. Size: lengths 18in., 20in., 23in., and 28in., for 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 2yds. 36in. material. Special price, 2/.



F3541

F3542.—Smart, belted pinafore and contrasting blouse. The design can be worn two ways—minus the blouse as a one-piece, late-day dress or with the blouse as a daytime ensemble. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires, for pinafore 4½yds. 54in. material; for blouse, 2½yds. 36in. material. Price, complete, 4/6.



F3542

F3543

F3543.—Slender-line one-piece designed with an oval collarless neckline and three-quarter-length sleeves. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6.

F3545.—Infant's six-piece layette. Size infants. Requires: Frock 1½yds., petticoat ½yd., slip ½yd., bib ½yd., matinee jacket, ½yd., dressing-gown 1yd., sleeper 1½yds., bonnet ½yd., all in 36in. material. Price, complete, 4/9.



F3545

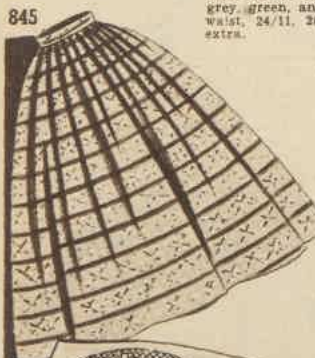
F3546

F3546.—Attractively styled one-piece with oval cape collar made in white pique. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. pique. Price, 3/6.

• Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

845



No. 845.—GATHERED SKIRT
The skirt is obtainable cut out ready to make in woven cotton. The color choice includes grey, yellow, and black; grey, red, and black; grey, green, and black; blue, sage-blue, and navy. Sizes 24in. to 26in. waist, 24½in. to 30in. waist, 25/6. Postage and registration 1/0 extra.

No. 846.—CUSHION COVER

The cushion cover with its unusual flower and leaf design is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice include cream and white linen and headcloth in blue, pink, lemon, green, and natural. Size 16in. x 16in. Price: linen 9/11, headcloth 3/3. Postage 9d. extra.

No. 847.—DUCHESS SET

The set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice include cream and white Irish linen, and sheer linen in pink, green, blue, and lemon. Sizes: large mat 11in. x 17in., small mats 8in. x 8in. Price 8/11. Postage 10d. extra.

No. 848.—CHILD'S FRONT-BUTTONED FROCK

The frock is obtainable cut out ready to make in good quality headcloth. The color choice includes white, blue, pink, yellow, and green. Sizes: length 20in. for 4 years 23½in., postage 1/9 extra; 23in. for 6 years 24½in., postage 1/9 extra; 26in. for 8 years 25½in., postage 2/- extra; 28in. for 10 years 27½in., postage 2/- extra.

• NOTE.—Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 10/- sent by registered post.



846



847



848

Even before 25

Drying Skin

begins to age your face

Often as early as 19, the natural oils that keep skin soft and supple start to decrease. Ever so gradually, tiny dry lines creep in. Smooth away dry skin lines and roughness quickly—with the richness of Pond's Dry Skin Cream's homogenized lanolin.



Crinkled, crepey throat—stroke Pond's Dry Skin Cream up from neck to chin. This cream's lanolin is homogenized to soak in deeper, faster.



Dry frown creases—smooth Pond's Dry Skin Cream up between eyes, out over brows. Extra rich in lanolin, it softens and smooths dry lines right away!

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Un-homogenized cream has coarse globules—difficult for surface skin to absorb.



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PD53

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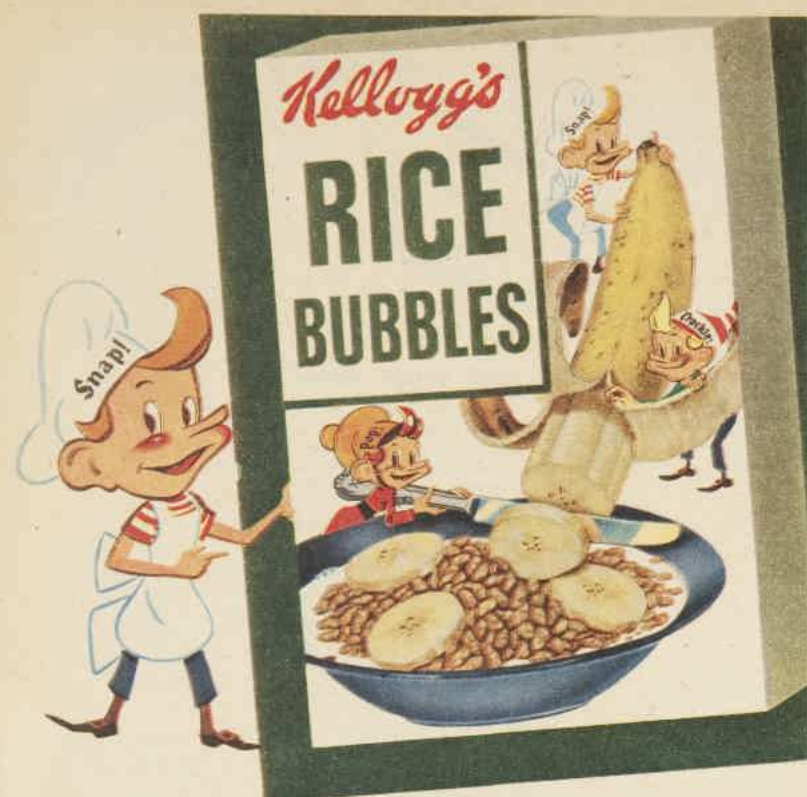
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Comedy runs a bright thread through this autobiography, which is, as well, a revealing and intelligent commentary on people, places, and problems.

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The only breakfast cereal that goes

**SNAP!
CRACKLE!
POP!**

Golden bubbles of flavour—so crisp you hear them go "Snap! Crackle! Pop!" as you pour on the milk! So deliciously crunchy and satisfying that whole families prefer Kellogg's Rice Bubbles to any other breakfast cereal.

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MANDRAKE: Master magician, meets Ted, a shy young singer, at a theatre where he is giving a performance of magic. Ted loses his job and is too tongue-tied to ask Marilyn, a pretty showgirl, to marry him. Mandrake

builds up the young man's self-confidence by giving him a magic potion which Ted believes will give him courage. Ted drinks the potion, confronts the bullying theatre manager and gets his job back. **NOW READ ON:**



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a matchless, miracle
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THE IMPROVEMENT
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Massage each night with Mercolized Wax instead of ordinary face cream. By morning, the miracle has begun... the miracle of a luring, lovable complexion. Use as a make-up base too.

GOING GREY? Tammilite restores the natural colour to grey hair. Use it regularly. Begin tonight! Most chemists sell Tammilite, but, if you have any difficulty in securing it, simply enclose 10/6 and a brief note to Dearborn Pty. Ltd., C/o Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney.

WATER BABY



"Come in, the water's fine", smiles 3-year-old Nigel Scott, who makes quite a splash for his age. "Nigel loves the water", says his mother, "and I think that exercise like swimming is good for him... although I make sure of his energy and health by giving him Vegemite every mealtime."

Your child deserves the firm body tissues, healthy nerves, good digestion and clear skin provided by a fresh supply of vitamins B₁, B₂, and niacin every day. Vegemite is rich in these essential vitamins because it's a pure yeast extract. Put Vegemite next to the pepper and salt whenever you set the table. Made by Kraft. KV511



15 hairsets for 3/6

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Give YOUR hair new silky loveliness and save pounds on your hair-do's.

Get a tube of concentrated Curlypet—squeeze Curlypet into a pint milk bottle of warm water—shake till mixed—now you have a pint of the best, most fragrant quickset lotion you've ever used. Get concentrated Curlypet for 3/6 from your chemist or store. **QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET** CN.5

TEENA® by Lilla Terry



Fashion

FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"SHEREE."—Smart weskit and skirt costume is obtainable in a good quality velveteen in a wonderful range of colors. The color choice includes glowing-red, royal-blue, forest-green, American beauty, mid-brown, and black.

Ready to Wear: Sizes: 32in. and 34in. bust, 95/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 97/9. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes: 32in. and 34in. bust, 79/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 81/5. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

• Fashion Frocks are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

"ALIDA."—Tailored blouse finished with an attractive wing collar and matching cuffs. The material is rayon crepe-de-chine obtainable in white, blue, and pastel pink.

Ready to Wear: Sizes: 32in. and 34in. bust, 49/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 51/5. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes: 32in. and 34in. bust, 37/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 38/9. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 73. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.



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